

W. Jackson

THE
CONFessions
OF
JAMES BAPTISTE COUTEAU,
CITIZEN OF FRANCE;
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF:
AND
TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH,
By ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

—Usque adeo permiscerunt: iunis
Longus summa dies.

LUCAN.

Falso Libertatis vocabulum obtendi ab iis, qui privatim degeneres, in publicum exitiosi, nihil spei nisi per discordias habeant.

TAC. AN. L. xi.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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P R E F A C E.

RIDICULE we know has been too often applied with success to the perversion of serious things, and to the profanation of sacred: when it can be used with effect to render vice and depravity more detestible, it may be then considered as wearing its very best form. Many who are too volatile to attend to the force of a grave argument, or to feel the weight of serious deductions, are not incapable

of relishing a jest; and it amounts to the same thing in the end, whether men are reasoned or laughed into philanthropy.

So many grave volumes have appeared upon the enormities of FRANCE, since the frenzy of Revolutions and Reformation seized upon that unhappy Country, that another sober dissertation would, perhaps, rather add one more to the number of publications, than contribute any efficacy to a Writer's good intentions. At this time it seems hardly necessary to admonish thinking men against espousing visionary theories of political perfection in States; the deplorable picture of FRANCE speaks more eloquently than "the sweet tongues of "twenty orators." Of all mankind, the subjects of these happy Islands stand

stand least in need of such admonitions, yet are there to be found among us some spirits malevolent enough to cry out, with MILTON's LUCIFER in Paradise, " Sight hateful! fight tor-
" menting!" and who still manifest a lurking partiality for the glorious anarchy of our **GALlic** Neighbours.

COULD we suppose the Spirit of Evil had been permitted to produce the people of one particular nation, I think we should expect them to act exactly as the **FRENCH** have done; with this difference only, that there would probably be a little more sense and consistency in their wickedness. They would commit the same crimes, call them by the same names, varnish them over with the same pretences, and be led by the same kind of champions. They would have their

DANTON,

DANTON, their **SANSTERRE**, their **MARAT**, their **ROBESPIERRE**, their **GORSAS**, and their **EGALITE**. We should not be surprised to hear they had erected temples, and established public worship to the Prince of Darkness; and that the Devil was adored among them, not, as by the **INDIANS**, through fear, but from veneration.

IN the following pages the Reader will see the detail of much wickedness, and no exaggeration: the Author's difficulty was to invent up to the real atrocities of the Nation from from which he has selected his principal characters.

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THE
CONFessions
OF
JAMES BAPTISTE COUTEAU,
CITIZEN of FRANCE.

C H A P. I.

My Parentage and Person.

HAVING always been a great admirer of the famous JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU, I decorate my work with the same title which he chose for a posthumous publication. Though my name has not yet acquired equal celebrity with his in the Republic of Letters, I flatter myself, however, that my actions surpass his, as much at least as he is superior to me in genius and eloquence.

VOL. I.

B

AFTER

AFTER all, what had Rousseau to confess? Wretched trifles. The stealing a ribbon, ruining the honest character of a poor servant-maid, deserting a friend in his distress, and having defiled the iron pot where Madam Clot's dinner was boiling, and a few other peccadilloes, which tend rather to prove the baseness than the elevation of his mind. However, it must be acknowledged that he was a very great man. He doubted of the existence of the Deity, and with his usual ingenuity of scepticism has raised such a mist about his notions of the Christian persuasion, that he has left the world in complete indecision whether he was a believer or an infidel. None of his actions, it is true, are attended with any splendor; but to such principles as he and his associates in the same cause have disseminated, *France* is obliged for that glorious anarchy which prevails there at present, and which probably will continue to prevail there to the last hour of duration.

I do not retrace my adventures in order to caution others against falling into the snares which are laid for innocence and simplicity, but to prove, that in the present age the way to honours and felicity

city is open to all persons who have spirit, and who by the mere force of genius will venture to emancipate themselves from vulgar prejudices : besides, I feel no small satisfaction in considering that my reputation and my merit will go hand in hand, and with an equal pace, through the world together.

I was born at *Paris*, in the street *St. Marcel*. My mother was a Fish-woman, ugly, poor, and disgusting, but of a robust make, and well formed by nature to offer and endure every sort of violence. My supposed father was a butcher, and I go by the same Christian names though perhaps without the formality of any baptism.—But, to say truth, I have some doubts as to my *filiation* on the paternal side, for my mother's accounts were never as to that point entirely consistent.—She imputed me at different times to almost every person in the neighbourhood.—Sometimes she said I was her son by a Shoe-cleaner, sometimes by a cobler in the Marsh, sometimes by one, and sometimes by another, just as it happened to serve her turn to get a little money for her present necessities, by the recollection of the tender intimacy and connection which had subsisted between her and the uncertain author of my existence.

Had it pleased Nature to have endowed me with great talents for Poetry, as many fathers might have disputed a right to my procreation as there were Cities of *Greece* which contended for the birth of Homer; but fortune formed me rather to perform great exploits than to sing them, and I can hardly expect that the simple narrative following will ever be placed under the protection of an *Apollo Palatinus*.

WITH respect to my Figure, I can give the reader no idea more exact in general, than by assuring him, that to it I am principally indebted for my present elevated station in life, it is such as never fails to raise some emotion of terror in every person who happens to meet me. I am tall like my mother, my body remarkably strong, and the cordage of my muscles such as artists never fail to give to the statue of *Hercules*. My countenance is very striking: for, besides a violent squint, my complexion is of a dingy olive; my nose like a *Negro's*; my teeth few in number, very long and black; red eye-brows; a wide mouth; and a chin peaked almost to a point at the extremity: add to this, an abundance of rich purple carbuncles strewed over my visage, with the mark of several deep scars all conspicuous,

cuous, and this assemblage gives you precisely my picture.

My disposition accords perfectly with my outside, and a Physiognomist much inferior in penetration to Lavater would not hesitate at the first glance to pronounce upon the qualities of my mind. By the fervour of my constitution, being extremely susceptible of impressions from Women, I sought to be connected with them from necessity, and not from that sort of tender sympathy about which one hears so much, and of which I never could entertain the most remote conception. My blood always impelled me, not my heart; when the warmth of the flame was cooled by possession, I generally considered the object with indifference—often, indeed, with disgust: pleasures which are equally shared between the sexes always leave the parties engaged in them upon an equal footing. I never remember to have had an intimacy with any pretty woman, who appeared to me to be such after my desires were satisfied, except one beautiful pleasant girl of *Langendorf*. She turned a deaf ear to my amorous proposals, and I found it necessary to force her. Necessity justifies every thing. I was rough, ferocious, vindictive, little sensible

sensible of kindness and obligations, but always retaining the most precise recollection of, and the most lively resentment for, the slightest injury.

I MUST here once for all apprise the reader, that though he may meet with many terms in this book which are used according to their ancient acceptation, he must not therefore conclude that I understand them in that sense. For instance, when I speak of Cruelty, I mean rather Firmness of Mind; when I call Robbery and Massacre Crimes, I consider them as proofs of the most exalted and heroic virtue. But the Revolution of words being not yet so general in *France* as the Revolution of Principles, to avoid perplexing the Public, I sometimes adhere to the old corrupt modes of expression. When our new Philosophy is completely established, it will be followed by a Vocabulary as new; till then I am afraid Language must in some degree conform to the old corruption. Galileo was imprisoned for asserting that the earth moved round the Sun, yet the system of Copernicus is the only rational one, and as such is now universally acknowledged.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

I am taken as a Lacquey into a Convent.—Dismissed from thence, but first learn to read and write.—Abridgment of Roman History.—Eulogy of the Press.

MY childhood passed like that of most young folks of my condition. When I wanted any thing, I stole it ; when I was chastised, I cried ; and whenever I had an opportunity, I took vengeance of it to the utmost of my power. At the age of fourteen, having been kicked out from the habitation of one of my possible fathers into the street, a Monk happening to pass by, looked steadily at me, and took me with him to the Convent of which he was Providore. There I soon learned to respect the Church, and to make a jest of Religion.

ONE would have thought my stomach had been an abyss, and that I had birdlime at the ends of my fingers. I swallowed down all sorts of victuals, and secreted

secreted for my own use every thing I could lay my hands on. My thefts were so frequent, and managed with so little circumspection, that my master at last surprised me in the fact. He gently pushed me by the shoulder out of the Convent, predicting, with a degree of confidence, that my future abode would be in the Galleys. Although I never imagined him to be gifted with the prophetic inspiration of Isaiah, his prediction however was accomplished.

He was too good a Christian to dismiss me from his service without offering me at the same time some wholesome advice for the regulation of my conduct; which had I observed, it might perhaps have prevented the completion of his prophecy. During the exhortation, I stole his snuff-box and handkerchief, thinking it right to have some tokens, like pious relics, about me of a man so holy.

DURING my sojourn at the Convent, I learned to read and write, knowing well that without these two advantages, it is impossible, with the happiest disposition from nature, to be a rogue more than by halves. Without acquaintance with great examples, the most fertile genius is circumscribed. Nourished only by

by itself it becomes sterile, and, like a field without manure, in a short time produces nothing. What arms are to the Soldier, or instruments to the Surgeon, Books are in the hands of the skilful.

THE good Fathers, who remarked with satisfaction my appetite for literature, were eager who should be first to supply me from their collections; but their meagre shelves containing nothing better than stories of miracles, the Lives of Saints and Martyrs, and some receipts for making ragouts, I borrowed books of a better stile in other places, or I stole them.

THE Abridgment of the *Roman History* pleased me greatly. I was much struck with Romulus deceiving his Brother by a false augury, and thus dexterously getting sole possession of the kingdom; for knavery in things sacred suits my fancy wonderfully: but I admired him still more, when I read of his knocking out this same Brother's brains, for his having in a frolic leaped over the little walls of his new-traced city. The Rape of the Sabine Women was to me a ravishing subject. The ambition of Tarquin the Proud, the Son-in-Law of Servius, who procured the assassination of his King and

Father-in-Law ; his Consort Tullia trampling upon the bleeding body of her dead Sire ; the incontinence of Tarquin's Son, Sextus, and the violent death of the chaste Lucretia, came up in some degree to my ideas of human licentiousness. The first Consul, Brutus, who, without listening to the voice of Nature, ordered his Sons' heads to be struck off in his presence for treason, appeared to me to be truly a great man. But above all, the proscriptions and cruelties of Marius and Sylla transported me beyond all bounds of moderation. *Rome* deluged in her own blood ; the Magistrates, the most respectable Citizens, Priests, Women, and Children, proscribed, butchered, and their mangled carcases piled up in heaps together ; presented to my mind's eye a most seducing picture. In the perusal, I contemplated it with that soft contentment, that interior satisfaction, which resulted (I doubt not) from a presentiment of that enchanting scene which is now so admirably realized in every spot and quarter of my own dearly-beloved country.

THE history of Mark Antony, no less sanguinary than he was amorous, always fixed my attention.—That celebrated

Li.

Libertine, with the amiable Augustus, and their booby fellow Triumvir, Lepidus, proscribing three hundred Senators and above two thousand *Roman Knights* at one sitting, then getting drunk, and singing obscene ballads together in a little Island near *Mutina*; Fulvia, the wife of Antony dragging with her own fair fingers the tongue from the jaws of dead Cicero, and piercing it three times with her bodkin; the head of that great Orator afterwards superbly impaled upon a spike over the Rostrum, and many other incidents at that period, filled me with sensations too delightful for me to attempt their expression.

BUT my hero was Cataline.—A parricide, sacrilegious, a ravisher, adulterer, a cannibal, a pandar, and a reformer, all together, how can language furnish terms to praise him sufficiently!

As to the Emperors (four or five of them excepted), they were a series of desperadoes, whose exploits might make all the Divinities of Hell blush in the comparison.

IN every History which I perused, I found something constantly to form the mind and improve the understanding. That of *Greece* particularly, in which the most

most illustrious Patriots and Generals were always exposed to the fury and caprice of the Rabble, who without the least consideration for their services or their merit condemned them at once to ignominy or death, awakened in my breast the most flattering expectation of soon seeing in that Nation which calls herself *Europe*, the renovation of similar disorders, and universal confusion of all things.

My enquiries were not confined to the mere study of History, I devoured all the prohibited books sold clandestinely by the Hawkers; especially when I could find that they contained scandalous anecdotes either of gallantry or of the Clergy, and when people of condition and character were well mauled in them. By degrees I became a Critic, at last an Author. At our nightly Club of tatterdemalios, I pronounced emphatically upon the merit of every fugitive sheet which made its appearance for a day, generally indeed without having read a word of it; but I knew the Scribbler, and my decisions were always considered as infallible. Without vanity I may venture to affirm, that no libeller in France has ever with impunity so deeply in-

injured the fair fame of his neighbours as I have done.

For ever honoured be the Art of Printing! In *England* they boast of the Liberty of their Press; with us *Frenchmen* it is not the Liberty, it is the Licentiousness which is admirable. Oral Calumny is tardy, feeble, and circumscribed, but give her paper wings, and, like a bird, she cleaves the clouds, and flies from province to province, from kingdom to kingdom, gives free circulation to imposition, and a solitary pamphlet, as the Poet Pope says of a love-letter,

"Can wait a lie from *Indus* to the *Poer*."

Lame Truth limps after too tardily to prevent the winged progress of her adversary. Our Legislators, who ostentatiously boast of our perfect Liberty in *France*, and declaim with so much complacency in their own praise for the emancipation of the Press, sensible of the importance of the engine, instantly destroyed every one in the kingdom except their own, and imprisoned the Writers even of a single sheet who presumed to publish it without their permission. The inhabitants, principally such as could not read, seeing them pass by loaded with irons,

irons, clapped their hands, and cried with a loud voice, "Good Heaven ! what a satisfactio ! how charming, how delightful to have a free Press !"

O DIVINE Art ! Womb of Science ! Daughter of Truth ! Consolation of the Unlearned ! Protectress of Rights ! true universal Czarina !—Our arms, our cannon, pikes, poinards, assassins, and decrees, have not contributed half so much as thou hast done to the blessed effects visible every where in the happy desolation of our delightful country. By thy aid we have deposed and beheaded the very best of all our Kings, manacled the Royal family, calumniated our Queen, who expects every hour to be doomed to the gallows : by thee our gallant villains possess all things, and the lawful owners are without food or raiment.—What gunpowder is to the musket aimed against the human body, thou canst effect when thy thunder is pointed against human reputation. I cannot better end my eulogy upon the latter, than by applying to it the lines of the poet Ariosto, when he describes the former :

—“ vien con suon la palla esclusa,
“ Che si può dir, che tuona, et che balena ;
“ Nè men che foglia il fulmine, ove passa,
“ Cid che tocca, arde, abbatte, et fraca.”

CHAP.

C H A P III.

I become Bawler to a Puppet-show—
Account of my Ingenuities—Com-
mitted to Priton—Get acquainted
there with MARAT and ROBESPIERRE
—Characters of these two great Men.

THE courteous Reader, I flatter myself, will easily pardon the few apostrophes in the preceding chapter. He who can speak of Liberty without enthusiasm is but half a *Frenchman*. To return to my adventures.

PENNYLESS, sorrowful, and retaining nothing of the Church but her nasal drone and her hypocrisy, I wandered about for some time without knowing whither, when the Manager of a Puppet-show ordered me to follow him. Being arrived at the Boulevards, we stopped at the entrance of an alley; there he bade me stand still, while he disappeared, and in a few moments returned again with a Bear's skin in his arms. After throwing it over my shoulders, and fastening it well

well with a cord about my neck, "Your
" business," says he, "is to roar out to
" all the passers-by, to come in to the
" Puppet-show, the most beautiful, su-
" perb, and august that was ever exhi-
" bited; but, above all, Rascal! be sure
" to bawl loud enough to make them
" hear you."

BEFORE he could well turn his back, I began to exercise my stentorial functions; and I continued to bellow with such amazing vociferation that the Manager, though accustomed to the most rude and dissonant noise-s, was obliged to save the drums of his ears, by putting up his hands to the sides of his head, and burying his scone in his miserable Theatre. As he was retreating, he could not forbear to shake his noddle, and look back at me with a sort of malignant grin on his countenance which marked very strongly both his surprise and his satisfaction.

BEHOLD me now, gentle Reader! covered with a bear-skin, Bawler to a Puppet-show, and deafening the whole neighbourhood. Although our Manager paid me handsomely enough out of the scanty profits of his Theatre, I resolved to indemnify myself for the consumption of my lungs by resources more ample than

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the slender fund of my lawful wages. The strength of my voice was well seconded by the agility of my hands. As the entrance to the alley where our diminutive Theatre stood was so narrow that not more than three or four spectators could pass at a time without jostling, I remarked the circumstance, and determined to turn it to my advantage. I ransacked the pockets of the gentry thus huddled together, and eased them of their contents in the twinkling of an eye, never forgetting however, to cry out, "Ladies and Gentlemen, take care of your pockets;" but not till after I had left them nothing to take care of.

AT different times I left my station at the door, and went into the House to divert myself with examining the contortions and trifling visages of the good folks I had plundered. In vain did our performers, our wooden drolls exert their talents to divert them: they appeared as insensible to the facetiousness of our Actors, as our Actors themselves: No power of Comedy was sufficient to banish from their minds, the bitter recollection of their losses.

By

By their air of satisfaction I could easily distinguish those who had not yet been under my hands; and, being always a friend to Equality, I determined to rifle them in going out, as I had pillaged the others in coming in, and thus to leave both parties equal. Handkerchiefs, purses, cases, snuff-boxes, every thing of the kind, had irresistible attractions for me. Watch-chains wantoning from the fobs of *petit-maitres* or the girdles of the ladies, never glittered before me in vain.—I gently drew out their appendages of pinchbeck, silver, and sometimes of gold, as one draws a bucket out of a well, and all my goods lay snug under the bear-skin. There was no person in *Paris* who knew so well, perhaps, as myself what o'clock it was, nor deserved perhaps a halter so well for the accuracy of his knowledge. In that immense capital I believe I was almost the only person who could not tell the hour of the day innocently.

AMONG the multiplicity of my thefts, the three following are sufficiently singular to excuse the recital, and claim the reader's attention.

FROM the lowest depth of the pocket of one of the most austere Prudes in the city

city I drew out a volume of *Ovid* very magnificently bound, and adorned with plates as lascivious as the wanton imagination of the Poet and tool of the Engraver could fancy or execute. There was no mystery in the display; every thing was exposed, and in a fair state of nature.

A YOUNG *Devoté*, pale and peevish, concealed, under the most decorous dress, a large bottle of excellent Coniac brandy: I laid my hands on it, and in one draught, quaffed it off to the health of its fallow proprietor.

IN the pocket of a General Officer, decorated with the cross of St. *Louis*, I met neither pistol nor bayonet; but, instead of them, two small boxes set with diamonds; one a patch-box, the other full of lip-salve. He had, however, a very martial air; his sword was of an immeasurable length; his hat cocked in a most unrelenting manner; and on his man-slaughtering visage, "No quarter" traced in visible characters. Though he had served but two or three very inactive campaigns, he abounded in recitals of sieges and battles. His military achievements, recounted by himself, surpassed by far those of the great Frederic of *Prus-sia*,

ʃia, or of any other modern hero, who, if possible, offered more sacrifices than that monarch to the Goddess of Funerals.

WHEN he raised the trumpet of Bellona to his mouth, he appeared to be possessed with a real *dæmon*. He imitated so faithfully the contortions and groans of the wounded and the dying, the thundering of cannon, the bursting of bombs, and all the infernal harmony of a field of battle, that if it required spirit to be present at the scene of action, no small degree of courage was also necessary to fortify the hearer not to shrink at the recital. The small articles of his little portative toilette evidently proved that he culled roses and myrtles to deck the bower of amorous gallantry, with no less care than he gathered laurels for the field of more hardy encounters.

IT happened one day, most unfortunately, that while I was disposing of some of my booty to an honest receiver of stolen goods, the owner came into the very place before the bargain was concluded. He was, no doubt, somewhat surprised at this confusion of *meum* and *tuum*, and to see his property thus unaccountably passing into the hands of a third person, who had no more right to make

make the purchase than I had to offer it. He slipped out, without uttering a single word, and in a few moments returned with two sturdy constables, who, after emptying my pockets completely, dragged me away to the *Salpétrière*, and left me there upon the straw in a dungeon.

THERE I first became acquainted with Marat and Robespierre two illustrious personages, whose renown, great as it is, bears however no proportion to their exalted merit. The former had been committed for offences without number; the latter for having substituted his own name instead of that of the intended legatee in a last will, which the testator, his friend and benefactor, had on his death-bed entrusted to his honesty.

THEY appeared to be there entirely at their ease, and as familiar to the inside of the *Salpétrière* as the Turnkey himself. They knew all the regulations and vices of that infernal abode as well as if it had been the place of their birth and education; and, after a few conversations, I found them equally well acquainted with the constitution of almost every other gaol in France. Like the under-actors of the *Dublin Theatre*, at least half of their time was passed in prison.

Ro-

ROBESPIERRE, nephew of the great Damien (who in 1757 was broke on the wheel, torn with pincers, tortured, dragged in pieces, and half burned alive, to the infinite entertainment of our French ladies,) was a native of France, and went from thence to Dublin, where he served as Sweeper to a shop in a street called *Pill Lane*. After many pranks and misadventures in that city, he sailed back again to France, in the hold of a merchant ship, and became a sort of understrapper to the law, or what the English call a *Pettyfogger*, at Paris. He is unquestionably a most respectable character, endowed with the greatest versatility of genius, and possessed of talents and spirit enough to animate a whole legion of Devils.

THE origin of Marat was not more illustrious than that of his fellow-prisoner. He had been a Hawker of prohibited Books, and had experienced all the indignities incident to that perilous occupation. Their manners were as unlike as their dispositions were similar. Marat cursed and swore at every sentence he uttered, and vouched to the truth of the most extravagant falsehoods by the most tremendous execrations. Robespierre is master of the most lying insinuation ; his tone of voice

voice is gentle, his words all weighed, and his whole deportment imposing. The simplest asseverations serve as guarantees to his want of veracity; such as, " You " may rely upon what I tell you"—" By " my Honour"—" Upon the word of a " Gentleman,"—and such like.

IT is impossible to determine which of the two is most impious, or the greatest liar. They seem to be equally rapacious and cruel, and enlightened by the most confirmed Atheism: in one word, they are both exactly such men as weak Christian morality would not fail to distinguish by the appellation of two consummate villains.

C H A P. IV.

Moral Reflections.—Discourse of ROBERT SPIER.—Birth of the DAUPHIN.—An Anecdote.

SEVERAL ancient and modern writers display before us many musty reflections, which they illustrate with suitable examples, to prove that mankind seldom know how to frame sensible petitions to the Supreme Disposer of all things; that they foolishly request what, if granted, would injure them, and wish to avoid what would terminate in their felicity:

“ Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vt era bona, atque illis multum diversa.”

HUMAN creatures, equally shortsighted in their desires and their apprehensions, would do wisely to leave events to the disposal of Fortune: that arbitress arranges things better than we can do, and conducts them by herself, without

our interference, to their most desirable conclusion. My adventures ought to give some weight to this maxim.

INTERCEPTED as I was in the very middle of my pocket-picking career, and plunged down to the bottom of a dungeon, a hundred times I cursed the inconstancy of Fortune, who had thus betrayed me; and had not the love of life, by an instinctive impulse, restrained my arm, my rage had put an end to my days on the spot, and I had sunk into annihilation, perhaps without ever having known more of Marat, and the worthy Nephew of Damien, than the mere celebrity of their characters. But the Goddess of *Antium*, more propitious than my despair, by arresting my rash hand, reserved me to be not only their intimate friend, but even their rival, and to walk hand in hand, and by the same road with them, to the great work of reforming my beloved country. Yes, let me proclaim it — Under the weight of irons, and the darkness of a dungeon, was the French Triumvirate formed; that Triumvirate which the Shades of *Marius*, of *Sylla*, and of *Cinna*, may contemplate from the sombrous caverns of *Pluto* with admiration, nay perhaps even with envy.

IT happened one evening that Marat, drunk as a swine and all besmeared with tobacco, in order to snore himself sober, had staggered to the truckle-bed of the Turnkey's daughter, a black-eyed buxom wench, who had taken a fancy to him; and the Nephew of Damien and myself being thus left together, that great man addressed me in the following manner:

“ Friend Couteau !” says he, if you
“ knew me well, you would do me the
“ justice to believe that I am not a kind
“ of person to make much parade of my
“ good dispositions towards my acquain-
“ tance. I leave them to discover it by
“ proofs, and not by professions ; but I
“ know not how it is, there is something
“ amiable in your aspect, and a sublimity
“ in your sentiments, which I find to be
“ in unison with my own feelings. Every
“ man, the wisest of us, is liable to mis-
“ takes, yet I do venture boldly to pre-
“ dict, that unless some unlucky accident
“ happens to cut short the thread of
“ your days you will mount on Fortune's
“ ladder much higher than your contem-
“ poraries. In your prosperous ascen-
“ sion, I offer myself to be your *Mentor*,
“ and without the most distant motive of
“ interest ; for the happiest natural dis-
“ positions

“ positions, without the assistance of
“ sound precepts, are but like ships with-
“ out sails, which can never arrive at
“ the port they desire; or like birds with-
“ out wings, which may at best hop a
“ little from the ground, but can never
“ cleave the sky like hawks and eagles.

“ OUR antimoralists, like their ad-
“ versaries, overcharge their instruc-
“ tions. There are always shades of vice
“ as of virtue, which a master cannot dis-
“ criminate with precision enough to
“ place them exactly before the eyes of
“ the disciple. In such cases, the pene-
“ tration of the pupil must rely upon
“ itself. The sagacity of the great Eng-
“ lish Philosopher Newton who could
“ analyse or dissect a ray of light, would
“ have been baffled had he attempted it.

“ My aim is to deceive the rest of
“ the world, and never to be the dupe
“ myself; to accomplish this, my rules
“ are simple. I never profess a friend-
“ ship for any man (except yourself)
“ without intending to mislead or to
“ ruin him. I never tell a lie to any one
“ (except yourself) without meaning it
“ should pass for truth. I never speak a
“ word of truth without intending it
“ should be mistaken for a lie.

“ You see,” continued he, “ that barbarian *Marat*,—that fellow thinks I am his friend because I call myself so, and we get drunk together ; but he is a real Savage, so illiterate that he was hardly able to read the very titles of the books which he hawked about the streets, but it was sufficient for him that they were prohibited, and that their contents might do mischief. However, I must acknowledge that he has great qualifications for a Reformer: he is an Atheist; violent in his temper; a stranger to every feeling of humanity : he deceives without address, and lies without shame : he is ferocious, blood-thirsty, capable of every kind of atrocity ; and, my dear Couteau ! I foresee with infinite pleasure, that baffle-headed profligate, in conjunction with you and me, is reserved to act a most distinguished character on the great theatre of the universe.”

HERE he concluded. To do justice to Marat, I must acquaint the reader, that in the absence of his friend he always spoke of his character with the same impartiality.

I EXHAUSTED all my eloquence in thanking the Nephew of Damien for the flattering

flattering sentiments with which he was pleased to honour me, and still more for those excellent lessons of practical wisdom, from the observance of which I expected to derive so much benefit. " Turn them to your advantage," replied he ; " I desire no better test of your acknowledgments."

THOUGH our time in the prison passed away tolerably well, between gaming, drinking, swearing, arguing, and blaspheming, our confinement at last became insupportable, and we resolved to escape from it. We agreed in two days to set fire to the gaol, and to lay the combustibles in so many places at once, that during the general confusion, our deliverance would be certain.

MARAT offered instantly to cut the Turnkey's throat and his Daughter's, could their murder contribute in the least degree to facilitate the success of our project. " Fire and Furies ?" says he, " they both deserve it amply ; and particularly my pretty brunette, for her fragility." Thus this great man always held out the transgression of some other person as a pretext, in order to justify himself for any more enormous crime he was determined to perpetrate. I must acknowledge

acknowledge I could not hear him make the proposal without feeling a little emotion of envy: that however was but natural.

BUT all our fine projection came to nothing. On the very day before our intended conflagration, the ci-devant Queen, Maria Antoinette, was delivered of the Dauphin. The most beautiful Prince in the world appeared, and the most admirable project vanished by exactly the same incident.—Louis XVI. with his usual foolish compassion, and willing to make his subjects participate in his happiness, ordered all the prison-doors in the kingdom to be thrown open, and the wretches confined (Ravishers and Assassins excepted) to be set at liberty. The Turnkey entered, announcing to us the Dauphin's birth, and the unexpected favour of his Majesty; for which his Majesty not very long afterwards received from the Triumvirate a proof of gratitude in return as little expected.

THOUGH it must occasion a small transposition in the orderly detail of my adventures, I take the liberty, my for own gratification, to anticipate the small anecdote following.

ALL the Hangmen of *Paris* having refused

fused to be concerned in the King's murder, saying that they were not Assassins, I offered myself to his most Serene Highness the Duke of Orleans, now Mr. Equality, to do the business. The ci-devant accepted my proposition with transport. I dropped the edge of the Guillotine on the Royal neck but not till after I had reproached his Majesty with his weakness in giving liberty to three such men as Marat, Robespierre and myself. The King looked at me, uttered a short sigh, and without saying a single word, submitted himself to my justice. I sliced off his head as related above; and thus fell Louis XVI. in the perfect vigour of his days, for the crime of having spared the blood of his subjects.

C H A P. V.

I Leave the Prison with ROBESPIERRE and MARAT.—Description of a Nocturnal Club.—Surprized to find a Philosophical Platter-Breech one of the Members.—TOM PAINE.—Anecdotes.

NOTWITHSTANDING the impatience we all expressed at our confinement while it seemed next to an impossibility to escape from it, *Marat* at first refused to take the benefit of his liberation. He swore lustily that he would not stir a single step, at least till after he had the accomplishment of his favourite project. He appeared like a hungry glutton torn away from a good dinner without being allowed to taste a morsel of it.

“ PIKES and poniards !” says he, the “ lodging is well enough for a few days “ longer. Death and Daggers ! to what “ purpose is it to plan a brilliant enter- “ prise without having spirit to carry it “ into execution ?—May thunder crush “ me !

“ me ! if I stir an inch till I set fire to the
“ prison, and have fleshed my knife in the
“ wind-pipe of my sweet little brown
“ sugar-plum, and her much-honoured
“ rascal of a father’s. By Beelzebub ! I have
“ not taken a life this twelve-month.
“ Oons ! I might as well be a cripple ;
“ my right hand will forget its cunning.”

ROBESPIERRE and I for a long time endeavoured to get the better of his obstinacy, but to no purpose. At last the former spoke to him as follows :

“ DEAR and much-respected friend !
“ are you crazy ? Where is the good
“ sense of your remaining here, even for
“ a single hour, when you are at liberty
“ to leave it ?—Consider that the very
“ best concerted conflagrations miscarry
“ sometimes, and their success is always
“ uncertain. As to the assassination of
“ your dear mistress, and her two-penny
“ papa, it is not necessary to relinquish
“ the scheme entirely, only for a time
“ to postpone the execution. You have
“ my free leave to return in three or four
“ days at most, under the pretence of a
“ visit of love to your dear brunette,
“ then cut her weafand, and her papa’s,
“ and every gullet you can reach at ;
“ spare not, the more the better in my

“ mind. You must at least acknowledge,
“ my much-honoured friend ! that it will
“ be more noble; it will have a better
“ air, it will in short be more like your-
“ self, to do it in the character of a friend
“ than a prisoner. Consider besides,
“ that a man of spirit may in a single
“ night commit more murders in the
“ streets of *Paris* than he is likely to
“ find opportunities for in three months
“ in a prison.”

To the weight of these arguments at last Marat acceded. We took leave of the *Solpétrière* together.

ROBESPIERRE made us mount with him to his garret, where, taking a pamphlet out of his letter-case, after glancing it over with a paternal eye, “ On the strength of this,” says he, we will make “ a jovial night of it. This is a most bitter “ libel upon our Sovereign Lord the “ King. Here Louis the Sixteenth is set “ forth as an implacable tyrant, deaf to “ the complaints of his subjects, and, “ like another Nero, delighted only in “ their calamities. The hawker who “ ventures it for sale may probably be “ decked with an iron collar for it, but I “ shall receive at least five or six good “ louis from a worthy book-seller, who, “ to

“ to tell the truth, runs now and then
“ no inconsiderable risk in ushering my
“ productions to the public. But, my
“ dear friends! it is full time for you to
“ make yourselves fit to be seen: do you,
“ Marat! hire a furtout to cover your
“ rags; and you, Couteau! a clean shirt
“ for the evening. Credit me, it is not
“ beneath the attention of a man of sense to
“ secure the respect of the world by a decent
“ exterior, especially at our first intro-
“ duction into the company of strangers.
“ Farewell for the present; you will find
“ me here at eight in the evening, when
“ I shall expect to see you.”

We separated for the business of the toilette, and returned to Robespierre at the hour appointed. “ Allons!” says he, “ follow me, my brave lads! I will soon “ domesticate you among our Demi- “ gods.”

We got down from the garret, which was in the middle of the *Marſb*, and after many turnings and windings through dark and narrow lanes and alleys, groping for our way, stumbling and swearing, at length we sunk down into a subterraneous passage. “ Keep close, “ my Boys!” says Robespierre; “ we are “ just at the spot.” After a few steps

further, he pushed against a door, which was not quite shut, and discovered to my view a kind of cavern, which served as a banqueting-room for this nocturnal society.

“ *Dū, quibus imperium est animarum, umbrasque silentes;*
“ *Et CHAOS, et PULCHRION, loca noctes silentia late.*
“ *Sic mihi fas audita loqui: sit numina vestro Pandere*
“ *as alta terra, et caligine mersas.*”

THE red embers of a fire almost extinguished, and two lamps, sputtering out fetid oil, suspended by ropes from a very dirty cieling, cast a sort of gloomy illumination over these sons of night and their apartment. At first view, one would have been led to imagine that the Demi-gods, instead of Heaven, had been by mistake conducted to the abode where the Scripture tells us there is only weeping and gnashing of teeth. They were sitting about a filthy, tottering, round table, which every moment appeared ready to tumble into pieces. Each of them held in his hand, or near him, an earthen pot with brandy, or some strong spirituous liquor, from whence exhaled a most pestiferous and overcoming odour, just as if the gentle breezes of Miss Tisiphone's

Tisiphone's breath were diffused all round the chamber. Their number might amount to about thirteen or fourteen. Two or three of them had but one hand, and as many more but one eye. Some wore surtouts without shirts, and others coats without waistcoats. Their breeches were clumsily patched, and the foulness of their linen, of those I mean who had any, shewed plainly that they were not much in the confidence of their washer-women.

We entered. After the usual civilities, and the ceremony of my initiation, this respectable Assembly mutually interchanged several questions and replies as to the manner of passing the time in their respective prisons; for this last act of the King's grace was not less serviceable to the Demi-gods than to the Triumvirate.

THE Ganymede of this Hell immediately entered with three decanters of brandy, and the remains of a leg of ram, for the three last comers.

WITH great tranquillity I took my seat between the Nephew of Damien and an Atheistical Demi-god by name Isnard.

AFTER having cast my squint all round the company, I could not suppress my astonishment at seeing a fine flatter-breech,

breech, of a most hideous aspect, perched up between two sturdy-looking fellows at no great distance from me. "What the "devil!" cried I, rather in too loud a note, "a Platter-breech among the Demi- "gods?"

TAKE care, for Heaven's sake!" says Mentor; "he is a great Philosopher, and "worthy of his place among us. Last "year he murdered his mother, did it "with so much address, and under- "went his examination afterwards with "so much resolution, that the Magi- "strates, though convinced of his guilt, "could not convict him, but were "obliged to discharge him. He is le- "cherous as a monkey, and has all that "animal's mischief, of which he fre- "quently gives us many entertaining "instances. He is well-informed, speaks "well, sings agreeably, and it is impossi- "ble to know his pleasant qualifications "without feeling an affection for him. "He trundles himself here every night "of our meeting, and he is greatly re- "pected by our whole society."

UPON hearing this, I paid a genteel compliment to the Platter-breech, who received it with grace, indeed I may say with an air of considerable dignity, and answered

answered me with politeness, though at first a little piqued by the abruptness of my exclamation. At the request of the Club, he favoured us with a ballad of his own composing upon the subject of King David and the Wife of Uriah the Hittite, taken from the Scripture. The ballad, full of obscenity and blasphemy, entertained us amazingly, and there was no end of our applause.

He talked afterwards like the rest of the company with infinite good sense and energy against the Christian religion, against Providence, the immortality of the soul, and every other dogma of the received superstition, all which he burl-squared with inconceivable pleasantry, calling them visions and jargon, fit subjects enough for a snuffing preacher in a pulpit, but little suited to the refined morality and enlightened conceptions of such strong-minded philosophers as we were.

REMEMBERING the late admonition of Mentor, who was always by my side, I said to him in a low tone of voice, "Prithee, " who is that heavy-looking boor, with " his hands in his pocket, sitting opposite to me? He has not uttered a " word since we came in, and my opinion " is, that he does not understand one " syllable

“ syllable of the conversation. Is he
“ deaf or dumb?”

“ NEITHER,” answered Mentor. He
“ is also a great Philosopher, and thinks
“ profoundly; but being an *Englishman*,
“ he does not understand a tittle of our
“ language, and never attempts to speak
“ it. To tell the truth, he is not very
“ well acquainted with the Grammar of
“ *English*, for he was never at school, nor
“ under the discipline of any instructor.
“ In the last war, however, he contrived to
“ do a deal of mischief to his native coun-
“ try by his pamphlets and his treasons.
“ The *English*, in my mind, despise him
“ too much, and talk more of his roguer-
“ ies than of his publications. He was
“ originally a bungling Stay-maker in
“ *England*, but by the interest of a Wait-
“ ing-maid, who was mistress to a cer-
“ tain Lord’s Valet de Chambre, he was
“ appointed to a small post in the Cus-
“ toms, from whence he was dismissed
“ for a number of little pleasantries,
“ which the folks there were pleased to
“ call dishonesty. Afterwards he mar-
“ ried two Widows at the same time
“ for their little property; he robbed
“ them both, and then went to *America*,
“ as a Patriot and a Republican, where
“ he

“ he was indefatigable in irritating the
“ Colonies against the Mother-Country.
“ He is the very Soul of our Society.
“ Our *Voltaires*, *Rousseaus*, and *d'Alemberts*, only give us the satisfaction to
“ demonstrate that we have no chance of
“ inheriting a future state; but this
“ Philosopher shews us the direct road,
“ and points out the infallible means to
“ put us in possession of the property of
“ our neighbour, and of every thing de-
“ scribable in this under world, to which
“ we have not the most distant preten-
“ sions, from right, reason, or justice.
“ To him it is we are obliged for that
“ beautiful idea of overturning all the
“ established orders of society; of call-
“ ing Kings tyrants, and dunderpates, laws
“ useless, and the morality of our an-
“ cestors impositions and tales of the
“ fairies. Tom Paine! your good health!”

At these last words the boor pursed up
his eye-brows, stammered out a few
words in *English*, and pronounced Mount-
sheer so as to be audible; then thrusting
his clumsy hands again into his pocket-
holes, he made an awkward sort of a bow,
and immediately sunk back into his usual
state of stupidity.

C H A P. VI.

Dispersion of the Club.—Death of THYR-
SIS.—The Bone-house.—An old Pre-
judice removed experimentally.

THE harmony of our Club was interrupted by an incident which happened not seldom in that Convention of Demi-gods. Our Atheist Isnard who had at his left side a member blind of the right eye, suddenly complained aloud that his friend the blinkard had stolen his silver snuff-box. "By Jupiter," says he, "I suppose, Rascal! you imagine I have as few eyes as yourself, that you venture to rob me in this open manner." The monoculist, who was rather choleric, only answered him by a sound douse on the chops, which stretched him directly at his length on the floor. Up bounced the whole Assembly in a moment, and the engagement became general. It was all cuffing, kicking, stabbing, and howling to such a degree that one would have imagined,

gined, by the ringing of the Cavern, the fury Alecto had got among us with her horn, the concert was so dissonant and so tremendous. In endeavouring to pick Robespierre's pocket who was tumbled down in the scuffle, I received a gash in the face from a knife, the scar of which is still visible, and will continue to be so to my latest hour; and what is still worse, I got the wound without the plaster; I mean the money I was in search of, for Mentor was too much upon his guard to let himself be easily stripped of the price of his libel upon our most excellent Sovereign.

LASSITUDE at length succeeded to choler, and the honourable company separated with many protestations of mutual esteem, and an engagement to meet again in the same place on the Thursday following.

THE Nephew of Damien, who had business in some other quarter, took leave of Marat and me, but first discharged our reckoning for the leg of ram and the decanters of brandy we had guzzled down before the riot began in the Cavern.

As we were sauntering up Dry-tree Street, I asked Marat if he had got any money? "Not a cross," answered he, "by
" Isca-

“ Iscariot ! But no matter, we can’t want
“ money in the streets of *Paris* ; the first
“ codger we meet alone, by the Devil’s
“ gizzard, we’ll empty his pockets, and
“ then slit his windpipe, blast me !”

So said, so done. The words were scarcely uttered when an unfortunate *petit-maitre* of the city appeared before us. He wore an ill-fancied laced coat, with a hat and feather under his arm, and sung “ Dear *Thyrsis*,” to the utmost extent of his vocal powers, with a most disengaged air, and in the most perfect security. O blindness to the future ! O improvident *petit-maitre* ! at this very moment *Atropos* is preparing the fatal scissars to cut the thread of thy existence ; and, if there are not songs and ballads, opera serious, or opera buffa, in the *Plutonian* regions, thou now warblest in *Dry-tree-Street* the sweet finale to all thy music !

“ BULLETS and bludgeons !” cries *Marat*, “ we have him.”

He let the ill-starr’d warbling beau pass by a little ; then, turning suddenly about, seized him strongly by the arms behind. I advanced in front, presented my knife at his throat with one hand, and rifled his pockets with the other. I took out his watch, and his purse, containing three crown-

crown-pieces, a small bit of rosin, two strings for a pocket fiddle, and eighteen good golden louis.

DURING the operation, in order to display the justice of our proceeding, we overwhelmed him with reproaches, and the most abusive language, as if he had been a public depredator not less infamous than *Cacus*, in such a manner that a passer-by, who only heard what was said, without seeing what was done, would have concluded that the *petit-maitre* was the robber, and we the sufferers.

AFTER these pleasantries, having cut his throat from ear to ear, with all the dexterity of a surgeon, without condescending to cast another look at him, I walked on with my companion, and left Thyrfis stone-dead upon the pavement.

IN the division of the booty, I reserved to myself four pieces more than the half, without Marat's knowledge, giving him the remainder; but, in return, I generously presented him with the bit of rosin, and the two fiddle-strings, upon which he did not seem to set any very great value, for he dashed them at my face in a fury, cursing and swearing according to his usual custom upon every occasion.

The

THE Queen of *Gnidus* and *Paphos*, though a Pagan Divinity, has as many altars to her honour in the capital city of his Most Christian Majesty as she once had in *Greece* or *Italy*. One of her temples was near us, and received us like true devout sacrificers to the worship within. Money easily produces universal tolerance among all the amorous sects who pay their homage to the Mother of the *Trojans*. Without being *Tarquins*, we met with ladies as cold as *Lucretias* till the contents of the purse of *Thyrfis* were displayed before them. That once done, we passed the night deliciously in their arms.

My fair mate had all the charms without the austerity of that *Roman Prude* of self-slaughtering memory; but, having left me early to share the transports of another lover no less sentimental, Marat came into the bed-chamber before I was well awake, and, shaking me rudely by the shoulder, made me at first apprehensive that the officers of justice had laid their claws on me; but the Savage soon undeceived me.

“ FIRE and brimstone!” says he, “ still in bed, snoring like a hog at this hour! Tumble out for shame, boy! Lights and livers! I have a party of pleasure to

“ pro-

“ propose to you. You know, rip my
“ vitals ! they expose the dead bodies
“ found in the streets at night, next morn-
“ ing in the bone-house, blast me ! It
“ would be confoundedly ungrateful not
“ to pay our compliments to our dear
“ little Thyrfis, after such a regale as we
“ have had at his expence, split me !
“ Come along, gibbet me !—Besides the
“ satisfaction of looking at one’s handy-
“ work, it may serve, by Lucifer ! to
“ strengthen our courage; though, scorch
“ my midriff ! Couteau ! you and I have
“ no great need of *Spa* water to brace
“ our nerves, shiver me !”

AWAY we went, and the first object which struck us was the gentle Thyrfis stretched at his length on a plank in the bone-house, with his guttural hiatus very distinguishable.

“ To the best of my judgment,” says I
“ this poor gentleman is not likely to be
“ a songster.”

“ Ah no !” answered a very pretty young woman by my side, drowned in tears, and wringing her hands most pitifully. “ Alas, no ! my dear dear Bro-
“ ther ! you will never sing again, nor
“ dance again, nor teach to dance again !
“ May.

“ May the vengeance of *Heaven* overtake
“ the Monster, whose inhuman hand has
“ thus cut short the course of your in-
“ nocent, inoffensive being!”

“ HE must have been some scoundrel!” says I, with great composure; and, so saying, walked out of the bone-house.

THIS little adventure furnishes me with an opportunity of exposing the futility of a vulgar notion, which is common enough among the lower sort of people, namely, that the wounds of a murdered person open and bleed afresh at the approach of the murderer, just as at the time of being mortally wounded. The fact is not so. I stood quite close to the body of Thyrfis; I even put my hand upon his throat—not one drop of blood issued, but all remained within, congealed and without circulation, just as if the corpse had lain three weeks in the snows of *Canada*.

THUS it is that Superstition would impose upon us. To abolish false opinions, and to establish the true, is the bounden duty of every wise man, who wishes by the light of science to instruct society, and improve his country. It was not by idle speculations, and ill-founded theories, but

but by the force of reiterated experiments, that the great *English* Chancellor *Bacon* laid open to us the right road to useful knowledge and rational philosophy.

C H A P. VII.

Disappointed in a Robbery.—ENGLISH Sailors.—I am sent to the Gallies.

THE more I knew *Marat*, the more I was attached to him. He was my *Pylades*, and without his participation I had little enjoyment of the good things of this world, that is to say, the good things of other people, which were indeed my only inheritance. While our money lasted, we swam in the delights of *Paris*:

"The God of Wine our wit inflam'd,
"And Cura fir'd our hearts."

But by our debaucheries and our amours, our funds were soon exhausted. Four pocket-pistols and two daggers were all we had to shew for the watch and the eighteen louis which we possessed after the conquest of *Thyrus*, the rest had been squandered in brandy-shops and houses of reception.

BUT

BUT knowing, in spite of what the Scripture tells us to the contrary, that the victory is to the strong, we considered the consumption of our purse with great indifference. By a little dexterity we supplied our ordinary demands, and sufficient unto the day was the roguery thereof. But, little satisfied with such slender and uncertain resources, we meditated depredations on a larger scale. We agreed in one of our *tête-à-têtes* not to confine our ambition to the certain and inglorious plunder of single passengers, but to attack all we met, even in bodies, without the least consideration of their strength or numbers.

FULL of such heroical resolutions, after a close examination of our fire-arms, we sallied out one Sunday evening, certain of returning at night loaded with the *spolia opima*. But, alas! how many accidents happen in life against which we make no provision. Never was resolution more firm, never enterprise better concerted, which came to so wretched a conclusion.

AT the top of *Frillery-Street* we saw two lasses hanging upon the arms of two stout-looking fellows dressed in blue, who were gallanting them in *English*, and

speaking as loud as if they had been on the open sea, and staggering on the quarter deck of their vessels. They were *English* Sailors.

"BRIMSTONE and sulphur!" roared *Marat*, "you Roast-beef, Salt-water, " *English* Regicides, deliver your money."

THE Roast-beef, Salt-water, *English* Regicides were by no means obedient. After squirting some chewed tobacco from the corner of their mouths, and one of them crying out to his companion, "Blast my eyes! Pirates!" they answered our requisition in a manner we little expected. Without shrinking an inch, or discovering the least sign of apprehension, they levelled two blows at our heads with their oaken cudgels, one of which instantly knocked the pistol out of *Marat's* hand, and the other made me vibrate like a pendulum. I fired notwithstanding, and missed. Away ran the women, and the cudgels began to play about our ears most unmercifully.

SEEING, as we did, the strength and resolution of the enemy, we had no choice but flight. We took to our heels, and the *English* Regicides after us. I understood their language, and heard them close behind us, now and then encouraging

ing each other, and one crying out, "More sail, *Tom!*" and *Tom* answering, "Aye, Aye," just as if they had been at sea, and giving chace to the ships of an enemy.

BEING better acquainted than the Sailors with the windings and turnings of that quarter, we had nearly escaped from them, when, as ill fortune would have it, one of our nocturnal Club, the Demi-god *Platter-breech*, happened to be spinning about quite close to me. Somehow or other he got entangled between my legs with his cursed platter, and down I tumbled. *Marat* fell over me, and thus were the three Demi-gods turned head over heels, in the middle of the mud, at the mercy of two furious Tars, who, while their cudgels descended as thick as hail-stones on our carcases, were all the time saluting our ears with the appellations of *Mountsbeers*, *Soupmegre*, *Indian Turkey-cocks*, (meaning to call us something else a little like it in sound) and *cowardly French bang-dogs*.- After drubbing us to their hearts content, they looked about, and not finding their *buffe*, left us to go in search of them; but first, seeing the *Platter-breech* tumbled over, they replaced him in his equipage, ~~and~~ ^{thrusting}

throwing him a handful of silver from their coat pockets, with a curse or two they quitted us.

THIS business may serve as a small specimen of *English* Sailors. Here I shall take the liberty of offering a little advice to such of my readers as may hereafter feel an inclination to rob folks of this description, which is, to cut their throats first, and rob them afterwards; by this arrangement, the affair will be in a better train, and less liable to such untoward accidents as I have just related.

DELIVERED in this manner from our enemies, we thought ourselves safe; and, being seated on our rumps in the middle of the kennel, began to shake our ears like spaniels just come out of the water, when, lo! a much worse misfortune befell us than the bastinado we had so lately experienced.

THE Watch, alarmed by the cries of the women, came up suddenly, and dragged us off before a neighbouring magistrate, there to undergo an examination.

WHEN we appeared before the Justice, *Moral* thought proper, from a mere impulse of modesty, to withdraw from the view of his real name, and to rebaptize himself by that of *Claudius Arnaud*, Gentleman.—

man.—The metonymy was absolutely necessary; for, without it, the matter would have been decided against us instantly. We protested our innocence with so much effrontery, calling Heaven and all the saints in the calendar to witness that the *English* were the aggressors, and our flight only the consequence of our apprehension, that the magistrate began to be puzzled. Observing the success of our first action, we resolved, without invoking the aid of the gods of *Ovid*, to metamorphose all the personages of the piece, and to accuse our accusers. We charged the women as accomplices with the *English* Pirates, in a manner so solemn, and with such an air of veracity, that the Justice was within a moment of becoming perfectly unjust, by committing them, and giving us our liberty.

WHILE this point was depending, one of the Marechaussee happened most unfortunately to come into the office, and seeing *Marat* in custody called him by his name. The scene shifted instant-

“ Ah ! ah ! Scoundrel ! is it you ? ” says the Judge ; “ your most obedient servant, “ Mr. *Claudius Arnaud*, Gentleman ! ”

He then examined his criminal register, and finding my name also in its proper place, he sentenced us both on the spot to three years imprisonment in the gallies.

MARAT, furious to find himself thus baffled, lost all patience, and vomited out such a torrent of obloquy and scurility against the office, that the representative of *Themis*, in addition, or as a rider to the rest of his sentence, ordered him, before he set out upon his trip to Marseilles, to receive a hundred lashes from a cat of nine tails soundly applied to his naked shoulders, and so ended our examination.

Thus does the fickle Goddess delight to frolic. Behold this great man reserved to be at one time the Framer of Laws, the Purifier of Philosophy, the Reformer of his Country, the Fraternizer of *Europe*, the Judge and Sentencer of his Sovereign; at another period, hand-cuffed, tied to a post, and skipping and writhing under the scourge of the executioner. I stood by, and offered him my compliments of condolence with apparent sincerity, but privately I gave the hangman a small piece of money I had about me, not to spare him, but to lay it on soundly; well

well knowing that had our situations been but changed, my *Pylades* would have acted by me exactly in the same benevolent manner:

— “hanc veniam petimusque, damusque vicissim.”

Such little liberties among friends are always allowable.

C H A P. VIII.

Released from the Gallies.—MENTOR presents me to the DUKE OF ORLEANS.—the DUKE Entrusts me with an Important Commissions.—ZARA Impaled.—Encomium on the DUKE.

AS most of my readers, no doubt, have served in the gallies, it would be but lost time to describe to them the daily course of life there. To make a figure there, patience is the virtue most requisite. Fasting, the scourge, and fettters, are dealt out to the miserable convicts with the utmost impartiality, and happy is he who can best support them. The captain of each galley exercises a despotic tyranny, and those who were to know the sufferings, without and knowing the crimes and dispositions of the slaves, would imagine they were treated with the most disproportionate inhumanity. The back of the horse is made for the rider, and the shoulders of the galley-slave for the scourge. Time, however, softens every thing.

thing. Our most flattering consolation resulted from this consideration, that there were other human beings more unfortunate than ourselves.

THE wretches condemned to the oar for ten years, or for life, made a jest of our complaints, and considered our condition as truly enviable. Comparison upon the whole reconciles all calamities. I knew a celebrated *Suavis* at Paris, who was out of humour the whole time of the most exquisite entertainment, if a glass of Champagne not sufficiently iced was offered to him while above half the inhabitants of that great city were obliged to content themselves with the wine of the country, acid as vinegar, and well hated with scorching sun-beams.

MARAT and I, little satisfied with exercising the cardinal virtue of patience, meditated many fruitless projects to deliver ourselves from captivity, but we ruined our schemes by communicating them to other villains. Four Demi-gods of our Club happened to be chained to the same bank of oars with us, and they always spoke with such bitter exasperation against the tyranny exercised over us, that we concluded they would eagerly join with us in any enterprize, however

ever perilous, which could contribute to our emancipation.

“PILLAGE and plunder!” says *Marat* ;
“leave lamentations to women, liberty
“and vengeance were made for men.
“Earthquakes and thunder! let us turn
“our chains to arms, and this very night
“dash out the brains of this scoundrel
“bashaw, who gives us sustenance by
“scruples, and fetters by the ton weight.”

BUT the dastards, instead of co-operating with us, only betrayed us into the hands of the enemy. Then the lash was applied in triple doses, and our irons doubled in such a manner that our backs were as finely tessellated as the pavement of Solomon’s Temple, and we endured a burden of fetters enough to strain the loins of a stout pack-horse.

BUT nothing could subdue us.—Genius may be for a while beat down, but it is impossible to annihilate it. Like *Enecladus* under Mount Ætna, it makes such struggles, and the efforts are so violent, that its powers and energy are conspicuous under the oppression, and perhaps then most formidably.

LOADED as we were with irons, torn with stripes, and our strength reduced to half its confidence by inanition, who would not

not have imagined that under such a regimen we should not have sunk into subjection? But not so, we answered chastisement by blasphemy, and met menaces with abuse. The Captain never ventured to approach us without a cocked pistol in his hand, and two or three times protested he would blow our brains out for an example to the rest, and to restore order and discipline in the gallies.

BUT our fortune was soon to change her aspect. After a year passed as described above, I had a letter from Robespierre, communicating to me the happy intelligence that, by his interest with his Most Serene Highness the Duke of Orleans, we were to be set at liberty. At the same time, the Master of the Galley received a letter in the Duke's hand, ordering us to be released, and furnished with money for our expences to Paris.

THE Captain obeyed the mandate with great satisfaction, and sent us out of the district under a strong guard, not supposing he could be one hour in safety till we were removed at least a full league's distance from the circle of his jurisdiction.

PRISONS and the gallies are nurseries and hot-beds for wickedness, and he who enters but a simple cheat or pickpocket, leaves

leaves them with all the accomplishments of an assassin or a parricide. This is the reason why the *Duke of Orleans* always chose such accomplices and associates as had either been in gaols, or deserved to be in them. The body of *Federates* from *Marseilles*, who, in 1792, so gloriously deluged *France* in the blood of priests, prisoners, women, and children, was chiefly composed of galley-slaves. They were in the *Duke's* pay, and executed his bloody orders with a precision so exact, with such sublime ferocity, that the *Satellites of Sylla* were not more entitled to universal admiration, nor deserved better the everlasting gratitude of their suborner. But let us return to our history.

IN our journey we atchieved little worthy of recollection, except a good many robberies, and killing three shabby sort of travellers, whose throats is was absolutely necessary to cut, to get possession of their purses, and to make sure of their taciturnity.

ROBESPIERRE received us at Paris with open arms, and we passed the time most agreeably in giving him the detail of our adventures, and in listening to the recital of his. O how delightful are these over-flowings

flowings of the heart among true friends! "*Felices ter et amplius*," those who can experience them.

THE Nephew of *Damien*, as he informed us, was become favourite to the *Duke of Orleans*, and had the honour of being employed by him in several very delicate commissions, where he had manifested considerable talents for business, and great zeal for his master's service. Among several other particulars of the same nature, he diverted us extremely by telling us how he had, by his Highness' order, given poison to the *Prince de Lamballe* one day he returned from hunting, and complained of thirst; and how he forged a will for the dead Prince, by which His Highness became heir to the immense possessions of that Prince, frustrating by this manœuvre the *Duchess of Lamballe* and the children of that lady, who would have been otherwise the rightful inheritors. He assured us, at the same time, that his Highness was little satisfied with such frivolous operations; but meditated nobler and more extensive projects, of which he was not yet sufficiently master to give us the detail, as we might desire, specifically.

"But, friend *Coutau*," continued he,
"I have

“ I have been thinking of a little arrangement for you before you left the gallies, and pray attend to it. Hitherto your travels have been confined to *France*. To be wise as *Ulysses*, it is necessary, like him, to see foreign countries:— *Multorum providus urbes et mores hominum inspexit.* It is necessary for the service of my patron, that he should have some one of my recommendation; a man of honour, like you, to inform him authentically of the present state of *Ireland*. The *Duke* has heard, with pleasure, that there are a set of gallant fellows there, called *Houglers*, who hamstring soldiers in the dark, and perform other such little pleasing freaks as well deserve his favourable notice. He hears also that there is an Association, called *United Irishmen*, that is, united against the laws, religion, and peace of their country; and it sometimes happens that these worthy people are hanged, or sentenced to transportation, for want of money, or a protector, who, by his credit, might save them from that ignoble injustice which persecutes what they falsely call transgressions in countries unenlightened with true philosophy.—The *Duke* wishes

“ wishes to know their real strength and
“ numbers, and to assure them of his
“ esteem and countenance. Prepare,
“ therefore, speedily for your journey:
“ I will present you this very day to his
“ Highness, who will furnish you with
“ money for the expences of your com-
“ mission, and give you, with his own
“ mouth, your final instructions how to
“ regulate your conduct among stran-
“ gers.”

DURING our conversation, the Duke
came into the apartment of Damier's
Nephew: and, on my being presented to
him, behaved to me with the greatest
affability.

“ Is it really true,” says he, with a
smile strongly expressive of the august fer-
ocity of himself, “ that you cut a “ citizen's
“ throat in the streets of Paris, while he
“ was singing *Dear Thyrsus*, and next
“ morning went to see his body in the
“ bone-house?”

I ANSWERED, with modesty, that it
was perfectly true, and that I was ready
to undertake much more hazardous ex-
ploits for the service of his Highness,
whenever he might condescend to honour
me with his commands.

“ We shall see” answered he.—I ex-
pect

"pect your company at six to-day, with
"the Nephew of *Damien*."

He then conversed a little in private with *Mentor*, and departed; but not till he had left on my mind a most advantageous impression of his disposition by the following little incident, which, being willing to amuse the reader, I think myself not at liberty to withhold from him.

THE true character of men is perhaps better discovered by their conduct in small matters, than in great events and important conjunctures. At such criterions there is generally a consonance of sensation which produces a consonance of thought and determination, and man is man by the leading impulse of human nature; but the mind, left entirely at its ease, acts independently of any extraneous bias, and shews itself in its real abstract propensity.

We were standing together at an open window which looks into the street, when *Zara*, a pretty little she-s spaniel big with puppies, left her mat in the corner of the chamber, and came towards his Highness crouching, wagging her tail, licking his feet, and offering him her little affectionate caresses. He wore white stockings; and whether it was that *Zara* put up her paws on his white stockings, or whether it was that he has an aversion to dogs, I know

know not, but he took her by the neck, and extending his arm from the window, let the little mother drop on the iron spikes of the railing whereshe was impaled immediately.

WHILE she was writhing and howling in her anguish, the first Prince of the Blood looked at her with great satisfaction, snapping his fingers, and crying out, in a foundling tone of voice, from the window, "Come here, little Zara ! " "What are you doing there, ynd gipsey ! " "Come to me ; come to your master, " bussey ! " and so on, in that sort of coaxing tone which we use to little dogs when we want to trifle with them.

THE Commentators of the Poet Shak-spear (the Corneille of *England*) direct the reader to admire the following trait in the part of Brutus, the principal character in the Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.—Brutus sitting at midnight in his tent, just before the Battle of Philippi, observes one of his attendants, who had been playing on the lute to him, just dropping asleep over the instrument. He rises, takes it from his lap without awakening him, saying at the same time, in a very gentle tone of voice, " If thou dost nod, " thou'l break thy instrument." —This little

little touch, the critics tell us, discover wonderfully well the good disposition and natural benignity of Brutus' character.

IN is not necessary, I suppose, by a long dissertation, to display to the observer the difference between the Assassin of Julius Cæsar and of Louis Capet, and how much the Frenchman surpasses the Roman in grandeur of soul and dignity of sentiment.

"O the great man! the great man!" cried I; "he will murder half the world." "O the great man!"

"He is a great man," answered Merton, "who will be the maker of your fortune. As such respect him;" and we parted.

C H A P. IX.

I Dine at the Palais Royal.—Character of the Duke in his absence by Robespierre.—Receive my Instructions.—The Duke discontented with the King and Queen.—Just cause for being so.—His most serene Highness gets drunk.

NEVER forgetting Mentor's sage maxim, that the outside ought not to be neglected, I paid most particular attention to my dress before I made my entrance at the palace. I washed my hands and face; a hair-dresser finished my red locks with great taste, three serious curls and two flutterers at each side; my white silk stockings were darned only in two or three places, and these hardly visible; I hired a clean shirt, and a complete suit of clothes, in *Frillery-street*—and thus equipped, with a noble air, I presented myself at the palace.

MENTOR had got there before me, and I found him in a magnificent anti-chamber,

ber, waiting for the *Duke* to join the company. At seeing me he could hardly suppress his amazement.

“AH! ah!” cried he, “my dear friend, “you look wonderfully well. If you “had no face at all, or any other face “but that which you have, upon my “honour! the women would pull caps “for you. What! curled, powdered, “silk stockings, a clean shirt, and a sword “by your side! By the word of a gentle- “man! you might sit for your picture: “but you don’t, perhaps know, that to “that face, such as it is, you are in- “debted for the partiality of his Highness. “—The Prince saw you by accident in “the *Tuilleries*, and your appearance “immediately fascinated him. I was as “usual at his side, and took the oppor- “tunity of giving him an account of your “adventures so advantageously for you, “that from that moment he resolved to “have you upon his list. But mark me; “before he comes in, let me give you a “short sketch of his real character; for, “without that chart before your eyes, “you may not be able to steer the vessel “into her harbour.

We sat down, and *Mentor* thus resumed the subject:

My

“ My Lord has as much politeness as
“ man can have, and in every thing super-
“ ficial is perfectly a gentleman. He is
“ precisely the very reverse of a turtle,
“ whose impenetrable outside covers the
“ soft meat within, for he is as insensible
“ to every feeling of humanity as a tyger
“ of Africa.—He is prodigal without
“ generosity, a niggard without econ-
“ omy, timid without caution, and rash
“ without courage. Good sense (of which
“ he has but a very slender portion) sel-
“ dom is his director. He sees things
“ not by the light of reason, but through
“ the medium of his passions and preju-
“ dices. His model is his ancestor the
“ Duke of Orleans who was Regent in the
“ late King’s minority. The Regent
“ was fond of women; his Highness is
“ as incontinent as Farquin.—The Regent
“ sometimes loved a jovial glass; his
“ Highness is drunk constantly.—The
“ Regent liked mixed company; his
“ Highness keeps open house for all the
“ scum and rabble of the kingdom; and
“ so in every thing else. He resembles
“ him in all his weaknesses and ill qua-
“ lities, in not one of the good, and only
“ imitates in outraging the prototype. He
“ has neither the spirit, the genius, nor
“ the

“ the good natural disposition of his an-
“ cestor. He resembles him, in short, as
“ a great Flemish Draught-horse is like
“ a fleet, high-mettled Arabian Courier;
“ both are horses, and there ends the
“ similitude. He loves flattery to an ex-
“ travagance, and particularly to be
“ flattered for what he does not possess,
“ extensive views, and the profound
“ science of Politics, in which last he is
“ perpetually outwitted.—He will be, or
“ I am greatly mistaken, the dupe of his
“ own ambition; for he meditates a
“ number of bold undertakings, and is
“ destitute at the same time of every
“ quality of the mind which might pos-
“ sibly give him a chance of succeeding
“ in them. However, he is a good
“ milch-cow, and we will not be tired of
“ holding the pail till he is tired of
“ letting us milk him. He has loaded
“ me with favours and benefits, and you
“ may see, my dear *Couton*! I speak of
“ his character with the amiable partiality
“ of a friend penetrated with the deepest
“ sense of obligations.—Make then a little
“ abatement on account of this partiality
“ which I have just mentioned, and you
“ will then be exactly in a position to
“ form a candid estimate of the *Duke* my
“ patron

“ patron : but no more, for here comes
“ his Highness.”

I REFLECTED a moment upon the abatement recommended to me ; and, to say the truth, I could not discover on the side of morality, what was to remain to his Highness afterwards.

THE Duke came in, holding a letter in his hand which he delivered to me, directed to Messieurs Herod and Judas, Bankers, *Inns-quay, Bloody-bridge, Dublin.*

“ THIS is to bear your charges in
“ Dublin,” says he. “ I have not con-
“ fined you in your expenses ; only take
“ care not to exceed the sum mentioned,
“ without acquainting me with the oc-
“ casion by letter. If you should find it
“ necessary to hire some resolute fellows
“ to assassinate the Lord Lieutenant, or
“ Chancellor, or any other great officer
“ of state, you shall have a particular
“ credit for the purpose, or for any other
“ of that sort ; but provisions for occur-
“ rences of this nature are not contain-
“ ed in that letter, which is only intendt
“ for every day’s current occasions. But
“ dinner is ready ; we will talk of busi-
“ ness at table.”

W sat down. O Idol of Apicius ! O
Genius of Gormandizing ! what an enter-

E tain

tainment for two scoundrels, and a debauched Descendant of Royalty! The sensuality of a Conclave of Cardinals must have allowed it was excellent. Such *soupes*! such *ragouts*! such *pates*! such a *dessert*! and such variety of delicious wines!

THE Duke's appetite was no disgrace to the House of *Bourbon*, and he drank like a true Prince of the Blood Royal. At every bumper his heart began more and more to open, and in proportion his folly to expand itself. What *platitudes* on his part, and what *eulogiums* upon ours! The contest seemed to be, whether his Highness should be most dull, or we most flattering; our compliments were exactly in an inverse ratio to his merit; but as his Highness had little more to do than to gesticulate his acknowledgments, and we had the labour of furnishing the matter for them; as he was but passive, and we active in the scene, much the most troublesome part in the piece fell upon our shoulders.

THE heat of wine and adulation having at last softened his heart to a state of fusion, out it ran in a stream of indiscreet confidence as follows:

“ FRIEND

“ FRIEND Couteau !” says he, “ without doubt you don’t believe in God ?”
“ God forbid,” answerd I with vivacity “ I know no Divinity except your Highness.”

“ GOOD,” returned he; “ but it is not enough to be an Atheist yourself, you must endeavour to make others so. We have not any greater enemy than the Christian Religion. It teaches men to be just, grateful, compassionate, honest, content with their condition, loyal, and I know not how many other weaknesses utterly incompatible with the new philosophy of which I profess myself a confirmed disciple.”

“ YOUR Highness,” says I, “ speaks with too much modesty; you are an Apostle.”

By agreement we then drank in a bumper, on our knees, the memory of Spinoza. The Duke then, helping himself largely to some perigord pye, went on thus :

“ As a cook before he makes a fricandeau, a collar, or a pafty, takes the bones out to form it to his taste and render it plastic, so we must try to unbone the human heart of all religion, before it will receive kindly the form which it is our interest to give it.”

THE Nephew of Damien and myself assured him upon this, with equal truth and solemnity, that we never had the most distant idea of any religion whatsoever; nor did we know, or had we heard of a single person who pretended to it; the King, perhaps, might be an exception; but his imbecility was notorious. I added, with a well-turned compliment, that the example of one great man like his Highness, was likely to do more good than the books of twenty Voltaires and Mirabeaus, with all their parts, their zeal, and their learning. Thus satisfied on the article of our infidelity, the Prince proceeded:

“ You must know, friend Couteau,
“ that we have determined to leave in
“ France neither God nor Gentleman.
“ Every thing, I think, promises to be
“ topsy-turvy, and so much the better.
“ You see in your Landlord, my worthy
“ fellows! the man in all France most in-
“ censed against his Sovereign, and who,
“ perhaps, has the best justification for
“ being so, and you shall hear my reason ”
“ If I have any weakness, it is my
“ passion for women: it must be allowed
“ they are very delicious creatures. I
“ always

“ always wish I had a hundred mouths to
“ kiss, as many arms to clasp them, and a
“ house ten times as large as the Palais
“ Royal to entertain them in. Our
“ Queen Mary Antoinette is certainly a
“ most desirable piece of incarnation.
“ Her shape, her freshness, her neck, her
“ ivory arms, her beautiful legs—in
“ short, the whole object taken together
“ set me on fire, and I concluded she
“ would be an easy conquest, for she was
“ always cheerful, and constantly in the
“ greatest flow of spirits. After her
“ marriage, I paid my court to her with
“ great assiduity, and ogled her without
“ mercy.—One day I found her by acci-
“ dent quite alone at *Trianon*, sitting in
“ an easy chair, and knitting. I threw
“ myself at her feet in a transport, avow-
“ ed my passion, and, after protesting
“ that I entertained the most profoundly-
“ respectful sentiments of her virtue, I
“ concluded by swearing fervently that
“ I could never enjoy an hour’s happiness
“ without the dear hope of passing the
“ remainder of my extatic life in her
“ celestial arms. To tell the truth, she
“ appeared a good deal surprised at the
“ declaration.—She pushed back her
“ chair a little, and, with a sort of stately
“ air,

“ air, just uttered these few words : “ So,
“ I see your Highness gets intoxicated
“ in the morning ! ” for I was always
“ drunk after dinner. Up I bounced,
“ seized her in my arms, and, before she
“ could prevent it, forced a kiss from
“ her. The breath of Cytherea was not
“ sweeter. She repulsed me steadily, the
“ colour mounted to her cheeks, and
“ tears stood trembling in her eyes, and
“ just at this critical moment in walked
“ his Majesty. Seeing the Queen so dis-
“ composed, and my Highness half
“ ashamed and half frightened, “ What
“ is the meaning of all this ? ” says Roy-
“ alty. “ Turn out that Russian,” re-
“ plied the Queen, and walked out of the
“ chamber. “ What ! ” cries the King,
“ make love to my wife, villain ! Be
“ gone, and never dare again to appear
“ in my presence.”

“ By this time I was a little recovered,
“ so I resolved to put a good face on the
“ matter, and, in a sort of rallying tone,
“ Good faith, Cousin,” says I, “ here’s a
“ great deal said, and very little done.
“ If you are resolved to banish every one
“ who would wish to prevent your mo-
“ nopolizing that pretty Mary of yours,
“ you will soon have the comfort of a
“ most

“ most agreeable solitude here at your
“ little Trianon.” He made no other
“ answer to this pleasantry than giving
“ me a great kick in the breech, which
“ made me bounce out of the room like
“ a pellet out of a pop-gun.

“ SINCE that time I have hardly
“ thought of any thing but their destruc-
“ tion, and I see it advancing with hasty
“ strides at this moment. The Queen’s
“ estrangement, and the recollection of
“ that vile kick in the breech, have em-
“ bittered all my enjoyments. My shame
“ shall be washed out in their blood.
“ The thunder grumbles in the air, and
“ soon will fall to crush them. Our
“ Countrymen, accustomed to intercourse
“ with the *Americans*, talk the language
“ of these Republicans, without under-
“ standing their principles; and Redress
“ of Grievances is now become the idea
“ most in fashion. My agents are every-
“ where, and never fail to traduce the
“ King and Queen as the principle cause
“ of all the People’s sufferings, to describe
“ the Nobility and Clergy as their mortal
“ enemies, and the Duke of Orleans
“ alone as their support, their protector,
“ and true friend.—The Finances besides
“ are in as fine a state of disorder as could
“ be

“ be wished, and all this working together must infallibly conduct me to “ the Throne.”

At that prophetic word we all dropped again upon our knees, and tossed off a full pint of Champagne each to its accomplishment.

At length by the dint of wine, politics, and prophecy, his Highness' head was entirely overturned, and down he sunk in his easy chair, speechless and insensible. The noise of his snoring, which shook the dining room, gave us the first notice of the retreat of his understanding.

His gold snuff-box set with diamonds lay upon the table before him, and I was furiously tempted to take possession of it; but Mentor diverted me from the intention, proving, by a syllogism in Barbara, that the theft might be a hanging matter, and the detection inevitable. My reason, but not my will, agreed with him, and I relinquished all future hopes of that amiable snuff-box with deep regret, *multa gemens*, as Orpheus was obliged to resign his beloved Eurydice at the borders of Tartarus, or as a letting-dog at the call of his master, leaves the half-mumbled partridge in the plains of Chantilly. “ Farewel!” says I, “ farewell! too charming

“ snuff-

JAMES BAPTISTE COUTEAU.

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“ snuff-box!” So saying, I stole out of the apartment on tiptoe, leaving the drunken landlord in his arm-chair to snore himself sober, and dream at his ease of Thrones, Revolutions, and Popularity.



E 3

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

I sail from **ENKIRK** to **DUBLIN** in a Merchant-ship.—Secure a good bed on Board.—Easy method of doing it.—Description of the Bay of **DUBLIN**.—Of the City.—Pleased to see so few Spires and Steeples.—See Charlemont's Library.—Admire it much.—Steal his Lordship's Watch.—Dine with my Bankers.—Miss Mushi Judas sings and plays on the Jew's Trump.—The Theatre.—Pleasant behaviour of the Upper Gallery.—Extraordinary Beauty of the Irish Ladies.

I WISHED much to take leave of Marat, that is, to get drunk with him, before I left *Paris*; but it could not be, he was again in the *Salpêtrière*, to which he had been recommitted in five days after he had been discharged from it. The Swiss are said to have a disease called the pining after their country; my *Pylades* might be said to pine for the inside of a prison.

THORCH

Though there is not, perhaps, any set of men in the community so much addicted to parade, show, and flutter, as the Members of the Diplomatic Body, I thought proper to avoid all ostentation in my preparations for my embassy.

OBSERVE all Ambassadors, Plenipotentiaries, or Envoys. When they return from their public character abroad, their equipage and dress are more gaudy. They display a great deal of gilding and lace, more than you meet with among their equals. My Lord Ambassador squares his elbows, scrapes his feet more against the floor, thrusts his person more fully into your face ; in short, he musters up the whole turkey and peacock in his deportment, and is, in appearance, a man of greater consequence than many of superior pretensions who stand in the same circle with him, but have not happened to pursue the same line with him in their progress through the world.—Gentry, in short, of this feather are perpetually in a state of declared war against nature and simplicity. All this may undoubtedly spring from a laudable jealousy of not being overlooked at foreign courts, or from a desire of doing honour to the country they represent ; but, in general, it

it is rather to be imputed to their personal pride, than their public-spirited patriotism. When men's actions and conduct will bear two constructions, one good and the other bad, he who does not ascribe them to the latter must be indeed a novice in human nature.

As to myself, I had very sensible reasons for avoiding all sort of ostentation in the preparations for my embassy; my credentials being only to the Houghers and United Irishmen, I had no right to expect to be received in a public character by the whole Irish nation.

EQUIPPING myself only with a small quantity of linen, a second suit of clothes for gala days in a portmanteau, and a gard-vin well filled with coniac brandy, eau de Noyau, parfait amour, and other strong cordials, I took post from *Paris*, and on the fourth day arrived without any accident at *Dunkirk*.

A MERCHANT-SHIP, bound for *Dublin*, was just ready to set sail, and I embarked immediately. I found the vessel crowded with passengers who had got on board before me. From this circumstance I was in danger of being without a bed during the whole passage, which calms or contrary winds might make long and tedious.

tedious. But I am of a temper rather to get the better of an inconvenience, than to complain of it.

AMONG a number of boobies who were on board, an overgrown middle-aged Smuggler, of a most insufferable stupidity, attracted my notice. He blundered out whatever nonsense happened to come uppermost, told dull stories and laughed at them perpetually, and drank like a camel preparing to pass the Desert of *Arabia*. He had an excellent bed. I soon made an acquaintance with him. Opening my dram-chest, I invited him in a bumper to drink "Confusion to all Custom-house Officers," and in another we drank "Prosperity to Smuggling."

IN order to finish him completely I filled him a half-pint glass of parfait amour to his own good health; then, perceiving that his head and his heels began to stagger, I courteously invited him to take a turn or two upon the deck, assuring him he would be greatly refreshed by it. I helped him immediately up the gang-way; then, drawing him towards the gun-wale, with the first heel the ship made, I pushed him head foremost into the sea, where he was swallowed up for ever.

WHEN

WHEN I was certain that it was too late to fish him up again, I told the Sailors of his misfortune, pretending to be concerned for it: I then took possession of his bed, where I slept soundly, and in great comfort, for the remainder of our voyage to *Dublin*. The inconceivable anguish which passengers on board suffer from the rolling of the ship, having (as Mr. Voltaire says) all the humours of the human frame thus violently forced out of their natural channels, made me at times a little peevish; but, having a good bed, and my mind entirely at ease, I thought I had no great right to complain much about so small a matter. He who has presence of mind may be truly said to possess a treasure.

OUR voyage lasted near a fortnight, and, but for the happy expedient which I have just before related, there might I have been lying, stretched on the floor of the cabin, with my head, perhaps, supported by a hard trunk or a basket, while a pitiful Smuggler lay snoring at his ease, within a few yards of the never-enough-to-be-respected Ambassador of his Most Serene Highness.

MUCH has been said of the beauty of the Bay of *Dublin*; and, to speak truth, it

it is not easy to say more of it than it deserves. In fine weather, the sea looks like a great lake of transparent blue colour, neither too contracted nor too extensive. The country round, particularly towards the county of *Wicklow*, forms a magnificent amphitheatre of hills and mountains rising gradually above each other; the tops of some of them seeming to pierce the clouds like pyramids, the sides of others swelled into beautiful bosoms, then gently waving off, and expanded at last into soft green valleys, which detain and captivate the eye with the most delicious freshness and verdure. On their slopes, and in the bottoms, you see villas and summer-houses without number, adorned all about with flowering shrubs, and sheltered with young plantations. Old trees, or of a very large growth, are not common.—There is every where cultivation without formality, and rural wildness without savageness or horror. The forms of these hills, mountains, and valleys, so diversified and so engaging, the sea like a great lake, the promontory of *Howth* at the entrance of the Bay on one side, the small town of *Clontarf*, and several other objects (could they be all together collected in a single picture)

picture,) would form, undoubtedly, one of the most delightful landscapes imaginable.

THE City of *Dublin*, though of very great extent, yet seen from the Bay, or from any eminence, presents nothing noble or beautiful to the eye of the beholder; and this proceeds entirely from the deficiency of towers, spires, and steeples. Of these I could count I think but two.

I WILL not hesitate to affirm, that the largest city in the universe, with the most spacious and regular streets, the most uniform houses, the public buildings in the most grand style, as are those of *Dublin*, nay, allowing them to be all constructed of polished marble, but destitute of steeples, spires, and towers, will never make a striking object of vision, or fill the eye of a spectator who looks at it from a distant view, and considers it only as a component part of a picture.

BESIDES the beauty which arises from a diversified surface, without the aid of certain objects elevated above it, the space occupied appears much less than the reality; and for these reasons the sea is never seen to such advantage as when covered with shipping; and we are always

ways deceived in our conjectures as to the breath of an unbroken expanse of water, the mensuration constantly proving it to be considerably greater than was imagined before the experiment.

I FELT the most lively satisfaction in considering the paucity of these structures; for as erections of this kind generally belong to temples and churches, I immediately concluded that the inhabitants had little or no religion, and that if they were as indifferent to the interior of worship as they seemed to be to the outside, atheism, and the enlightened impiety of our new Philosophy, would soon make a thriving progress among them. The God of Cards and Dice has a Temple, called Daly's, dedicated to his honour in *Dublin*, much more magnificent than any Temple to be found in that City dedicated to the God of the Universe.

THE appearance of the Mob, who swarm on the Quays and block up the passages to the City, delighted me greatly. Covered with rags and dirt, without breeches, shirts, or shoes, full of animal spirits and the spirit of whiskey, "Aye! " aye!" says I, "here is the true stuff " for Reformers! What a felicity must " it

“ it be to live under a Constitution of
“ their modelling!”

ON advancing further into the City, and seeing every thing so different, my spirits sunk in proportion. Appearances were changed entirely: large streets, shops well furnished with all sorts of commodities, creditable houses, an excellent foot-way, public buildings, (churches excepted, all magnificent, and handsome carriages rolling along, filled with modest and most beautiful ladies. Alas! thought I, this does not look like the work of my Reformers; the Gentry, I fear, have got the best end of the staff in this Capital: but, with the help of the Devil, let us never despair of any thing.

ALTHOUGH the houses in general, and particularly in the new streets, are well finished, cheerful, and commodious, there are not many hotels in *Dublin* of very extraordinary magnitude. *Leinster House* however is very noble, and has more the air of a palace than any Hotel in *Paris*. *Charlemont House* is very striking, though not near so large as the former, from the beauty of the architecture.

IN this House there is an apartment called the Library, which, from the collection of books, and the style of the

orna-

ornaments, would do honour to the taste of a Prince. I could not look at them without wishing it had been possible for me to have stolen half of them ; but, alas ! I had only the merit of feeling the inclination, for the thing was impracticable. His Lordship's gold watch lay by accident upon a table, and, to make myself some recompence for my other fruitless wishes, I slipped it into my pocket, and then went away, making a thousand bows and acknowledgments to the footman who held the door in his hand for me. I kept the watch some time, as a pleasing token to remind me of that beautiful Library, and of the most respectable Nobleman who is the owner of it.

On the day of my entry into *Dublin*, I dined with Messieurs Herod and Judas, my Bankers. They received me very politely, and, after several Jewish ceremonies which I regarded as little as if they had been Christian, they invited me to a family dinner. The company consisted of myself, the two Bankers, Mrs. Judas, and Miss Mushi Judas, her daughter. The worshipful Mr. Herod was a bachelor. We dined heartily upon Paschal lamb and unleavened bread, and at every

third

third mouthful drank “Confusion to Christianity.”

AT my request (for I did not then know the consequence) that Miss Muthi would favour the company with a song, she immediately began to squall out a most tedious and lamentable Canticle, longer than half of Deuteronomy ; and, to complete the discord, she every now and then clapped a confounded Jew’s trump between her black teeth, from whence she thumped out such a succession of Iron sounds as were never before heard since the Babylonish Captivity.

I INTENDED to ogle her all the time ; but, unfortunately, my squint turned all the tenderness to the mother, who sat opposite to her. This brought on a profusion of detestible compliments from that old Israelite, who among the rest told me, that if *Bloody-bridge* had any charms for me, the family hoped they should see me often. The ladies then retired, and my Gemini of Hebrews, with their guest, tostled off two bottles each of excellent *Lachryma Christi* before we thought of rising.

A PARTY to the Play-house was then proposed, and we walked off together. I secured a place between the two Children of

of Circumcision, in the centre of the pit, from whence I could conveniently see both the spectacle and the spectators.

BEFORE the rising of the curtain, the proceedings of the Upper-Gallery gave me infinite entertainment. Their cries and howlings were more furious and dissonant than a troop of pent-up wolves. Now and then they dropped down emptied bottles on the company of the Pit, and yet not above three or four skulls at most were broken by them ; then they flung chewed apples and orange peels at the boxes, and upon the Stage : they frequently made the Ladies blush, and the Beaux tremble, hissing or clapping them just as the fancy was uppermost, and sometimes giving them ludicrous nicknames, which were well understood, and in general very characteristical. In short, it was consummately pleasant to observe how miserable they made all the decent-looking people in the Theatre.

THE Play to be acted, as the Bills informed us, was a Tragedy, but the greatest part of the Actors seemed not to have been admitted into that secret. They appeared entirely unconscious and unconnected with the business going forward, and to assume no sort of responsibility for the

the pathetic incidents exhibited before the audience. Had it not been for the energy of one performer, for the frequent use of the dagger towards the catastrophe, and, above all, for the sympathy of some young ladies in the boxes, I might have retired from the Play-house without knowing whether I ought to have left my mirth or my tears behind me.

THE beauty of the Ladies of *Ireland* is perfectly enchanting. The peasant girls of *England* are in general much prettier than those of the same class in this country, but the Ladies here are full as handsome as *English* Ladies, and no style of beauty can exceed them. O God of Love! O Mother of the Graces! what shapes! what complexions! what features! what attractions! While I looked at them, I doubted for near the length of half a scene whether, had it been necessary, I could have cut all their throats in cold blood, and as a gentleman ought to do.

BUT this was not the worst; let me avow my shame—would it had ended there. Seeing the sweetness of their looks, the angelic serenity of their countenances, and their bewitching sensibility, I for a moment entertained the mean suspicion that

that there might be something real in innocence and virtue, and that these fair creatures, without a spark of heroism in their composition, and little versed as they were in our new fashionable philosophy, might, perhaps, enjoy as much internal satisfaction, as much solid contentments as even I could boast of. But this weakness was of no long duration—a moment's reflection banished it. My breast recovered its usual firmness, and I soon became again the worthy Ambassador of his Highness to the Houghers and United Irishmen.

I MIGHT, no doubt, have spared myself the shame of these humiliating Confessions, but I promised to deal candidly with the reader, so I mean to conceal nothing from him. He may not, perhaps, find in this book the eloquence of the Citizen of Geneva, but he will find at least his sincerity.

C H A P. XI.

Disappointed in finding no HOUGH RS, and few UNITED IRISHMEN.—Account of these Gentlemen.—The Evening Post.—Patriotism of that Paper.—Write a Spirited Essay.—Tried for it.—My account of the Trial in the Evening Post.—A Man discribed.—Win a Wager.—Kill a Police-Man.—Obliged to Fly.—Take a Pathetic leave of DUBLIN.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of the Goths, who, mounted on his little white mare, was killed by a musket-shot at the Battle of *Lutzen*, but not till after he had received another wound which, as his heavy-headed historian Harte tells us, made him “ decline from the perpendicular,”—this good King used to say, among other wise sayings, that “ we see “ things better with our own eyes than “ with those of our people.” To this truth I fully subscribe, in my capacity of Am.

Ambassador to the *Houghers* and *United Irishmen*.

IN a country containing near four million of inhabitants, and where the lowest class of people are so much addicted to idleness and drinking whiskey, who would not have expected to find at least one hundred thousand gallant desperadoes under the two denominations before-mentioned? But mark the fact. As to the former, that ~~enemy~~ to all heroism the gallows had taken some of them, and the fear of it did enough the rest, that nursery of *Reformers* was rooted up, and existed no longer. As to the latter, I could find but about five or six who had any fixed habitation, and these, men in no esteem, and of no sort of consequence; the rest were poor bankrupt shop-keepers, or idle fellows picked up in the streets to be paraded through them on particular occasions, with a drum beating, and a fife whistling something like a march before them. A red or a blue coat was clapped upon their backs, and a musket on their shoulders, for the purpose of the day. After getting drunk with their officers at some alehouse in the suburbs, in the evening the red coat and the fire-lock were taken from them, they received

thirteen-pence and a kick in the breech, and so ended the campaign and the patriotism. These I found were but the miserable dregs and refuse of the real Volunteers of *Ireland*, who had for some time laid down their arms, and who indeed consisted of the most respectable gentry in the kingdom.

ALL this I mentioned in a confidential letter to the Nephew of Damien, but with a strict injunction that he should not communicate a word of the truth to his Highness, but keep him in his error, that I might be kept in my appointment; for I apprehended that my patron, who loved his money, would not chuse the continuance of a considerable expence merely to improve my mind and manners by foreign travel.

THE Duke, it seems, depended for his intelligence upon one of the *Dublin* Newspapers, called the *Evening-Post*. This was his *Gazette* and his *Gospel*; and though it is only a compilation of gross misrepresentations and falsehoods, he believed in it implicitly. But that indeed is not wonderful, when many who are upon the spot do the same. It may be considered as a sort of reverse to the prophecies

prophecies of Cassandra; it never tells truth, and is believed in general.

THE enemies of *Ireland* are certainly much obliged to the Editors of that Paper. It is the real ivory gate of intelligence, "*falsa ad cælum mittens insomnia*," and you might as well look for facts in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. Many of the good people of *England* (that most wise and credulous nation) also put their trust in its authenticity; but that is not so extraordinary; for though there is a constant intercourse between the two islands, and a narrow channel only separates them, the English in general know less of the true state of *Ireland* than of *Poland*, or the Empire of *China*. I myself saw a respectable Merchant of *Manchester* who came to *Dublin* in much fear, and as he thought in great peril, upon some business of importance which required his presence, and who seemed surprized not to find the streets barricadoed, and the whole country in a state of rebellion; for the *Evening-Post* told him things would be so situated in less than a fortnight.

EXCELLENT consequences result from this misrepresentation on one side, and this credulity on the other. The Eng-

Fishman, brave and open in the field, is cautious in the counting-house, particularly with men of a certain class in *Ireland*, who seem to think they have a sort of natural right to outwit him. His cash gets the cramp when he thinks of sending it among men who laugh at him, and either remains at home, or goes to a distant market, to enrich traders less entitled than his neighbours to any advantage from him. It is computed that *Ireland* loses annually at least one hundred thousand pounds by the patriotism of this single *Newspaper*.

No engine of mischief can perform its functions better. It defames all the respectable characters of the Kingdom, and gives every virtue to the vilest. It magnifies the failure of every speculating stock-jobber into universal bankruptcy, and every paltry riot into general insurrection. The spirit of Tom Paine seems to pervade its paragraphs. Every evening it calls the King a Tyrant, and the Parliament a Nest of corrupt Traitors, bought with the money of the people to betray their interest, and ready to sell themselves and their posterity to the Devil, let him but assume the likeness of a guinea to tempt them. All this and more

is

is accompanied with constant complaints that the Presb has lost its Freedom, and that in such despotic times no man dares to speak or publish his sentiments. It reminded me of a Priest I heard preach at Paris against the idle vanities of the world, and who the whole time seemed to be only intent upon displaying to the congregation a diamond ring which he wore upon his little finger.

I LIVED much, as may be supposed, with the Editors and Friends of this admirable Paper, and now and then enriched it with essays and paragraphs well calculated to raise a spirit in the readers, which might be rewarded by the thanks of Colonel Tandy's corps, or by an honourable appointment under Chief Justice Barrington in the Bay of Botany.

ONE of my Essays in particular was so uncommonly nervous, that Mr. Attorney-General thought proper to take notice of it. The Editor was seized, and immediately gave me up as the Author. I was brought into Court, and though every man is allowed Counsel, provided he is able to pay for it, having before my eyes neither the fear of God nor of bad English, I chose to plead for myself.

I URGED

I URGED in my defence, " that I was
" a Patriot, and in what I published had
" only emulated the noble spirit which
" appeared in all the publications con-
" tained in the same Paper; that I could
" not conceive that to be an offence
" which I saw done every day with im-
" punity; that, in a free country, I ima-
" gined every man had a right to speak
" and publish whatever he thought pro-
" per; and, lastly, that if I had exceeded
" a little, the motive was good, and my
" being a stranger, I supposed, would
" be considered as a sufficient apology."

THE Court, I must acknowledge, be-
haved with the utmost lenity. The Judge
very mildly told me, " That it was me-
" lancholy to consider how much evil
" resulted daily from unrestrained licen-
" tiousness; that the Magistrates were
" always unwilling to exercise any rigo-
" rous authority with which the spirit
" of a free Constitution found it necessa-
" ry to invest them; that though the ut-
" most liberty of sentiment and commu-
" nication was not only permitted but
" encouraged, yet this was always to be
" understood as being subject to some
" decent and necessary restrictions; and
" that the good order and peace of the
community

“ community were not to be disturbed
“ by the wild and extravagant notions
“ which an individual might happen to
“ entertain of liberty. However, my
“ being a stranger, as I had pleaded,
“ might possibly have led me into an er-
“ ror; that circumstance would have
“ weight with the Jury, and he would
“ recommend to them not to find me
“ guilty; hoping at the same time that
“ I would be grateful for this lenity, and
“ conduct myself for the future with
“ more discretion.”

I MADE a bow, was suffered to withdraw, and thus ended my trial, of which I sent out the following account in the same Paper next evening:

“ ON Tuesday, between the hours of
“ ten and eleven in the forenoon, six
“ Police-men broke into the house of the
“ Editor of the Evening-Post, and (by
“ virtue of a warrant) carried off that
“ gentleman, thus torn from the arms of
“ his helpless family, together with a
“ most respectable foreigner, Mr. James
“ Baptiste Couteau, who was sitting at
“ breakfast with him. They were not
“ suffered to go into a coach, but
“ dragged through the kennel in sight of
“ their indignant and insulted fellow-ci-
“ tizens,

“ tizens, and in this condition thrust into
“ the Dock of the Court of King’s Bench,
“ unprepared for any sort of defence, to
“ take their trial for a libel.

“ THE Judge behaved in the most in-
“ decent manner, foaming at the mouth,
“ loading them with the most abusive
“ language, charging the Jury to find
“ them guilty, and swearing that the
“ Court would take care to sentence
“ them to perpetual imprisonment. Out
“ of respect to the Court we forbear to
“ enter more into particulars. The wor-
“ thy Jury, however, did their duty,
“ and acquitted them, to the infinite
“ mortification of the Judges, and the
“ inexpressible satisfaction of all present,
“ the Bench excepted. The Hall rung
“ with applauses, the discharged Priso-
“ ners were conducted home amidst the
“ shouts and acclamations of their fellow-
“ citizens, the Judges’ carriages were
“ broke to pieces as they returned to
“ their houses, and they would probably
“ have lost their lives, but for the assist-
“ ance of the military, who appeared just
“ in time to save them from the fury of
“ the justly-incensed populace.

“ WE hear a subscription is opened to
“ raise a statue in plaster of Paris, to be
“ placed

“ placed three steps above that of Dr. Lucas, on the stairs leading to the Exchange Coffee-house, the inscription to be simply this:—*Public gratitude erected it to James Baptiste Couteau, Patriot, and Citizen of the Universe. Citizens! to arms!*”

I TOOK care this Paper should be safely transmitted to his Highness.

AN unforeseen event prevented my knowing the end of this business, and how the Court punished this aggravated offence against its dignity. I might have had this satisfaction without running any hazard, as I had previously secured two Alibi-men (*Doers*, as it is called, of the Paper), to bear me harmless, so the penalty would have fallen upon the Editor.

AN Alibi-man is an honest Citizen, always to be found by the petty-foggers of *England* and *Ireland*, who extricates you immediately from the danger of a prosecution, by swearing falsely upon the holy Gospels to some circumstance, commonly of locality, which makes it appear impossible you should be guilty of the crime you have committed, and of which you stand specifically indicted. The Alibi-man is applied to many good purposes, particularly to that of saving highway-men;

F 3 above

above half of these gentlemen escaping on their trials by an Alibi.—His organs of sight have this peculiar property, he never sees you where you are, and always sees you where you are not. In short, without stirring from his cellar or garret, he can, if necessary, identify you at thirty leagues distance, and so circumstantially that he leaves no doubt of his veracity on the minds of his hearers. Robespierre, at my recommendation, invited over a little colony of them to settle at *Paris*; they have multiplied there greatly, and on many occasions we found them extremely serviceable. They live chiefly upon rice some days before they swear they have not seen you where you are, and use a good deal of cephalic snuff before they swear to have seen you where you was not; thus finding ingeniously a salvo for their consciences in the qualities of these two vegetables, which are supposed to blunt and sharpen the visual faculty. They say, and justly, that if there be any thing to blame, it must be imputed to the rice and snuff, and not to any deficiency in their notions of moral rectitude.

A WAGER which I won, but was never paid, occasioned my leaving Dublin abruptly.

ruptly. My Alibi friends were much employed in endeavouring to write down the new Police Establishment, substituted instead of the old Parish Watch, which had been formerly the nocturnal Guard of the City.

THIS Watch, as it was called, consisted of decrepid old men, who slept generally the best part of the night in a wooden sentry-box, and when they happened to be awake, crawled about, disturbing the repose of persons who had a right to be asleep, by thumping against the street-door with the end of their poles, and howling out the hour in a kind of ominous voice, which seemed to be composed of the melody of the as, the owl, and the raven. So far from imparting any idea of security to Housekeepers by this sort of noisy vigilance, they only reminded them, in case of danger, how little they were to be depended upon. The police pretty well answered the purpose for which they were established, and their being besides countenanced by the Government and Magistrates were sufficient reasons for the *Doers* of the Evening-Post to carry on hostilities against them.

Two or three of these gentlemen describing them to me as a formidable guard, able.

able-bodied men, armed with a firelock and bayonet, I laid a bowl of punch against twenty folio volumes of the *Evening Post*, which they assured me was a great curiosity, and the only collection of that Paper extant, that I would that night kill one of these bugbears, and sleep unmolested afterwards, and they might be eye-witnesses of it. After a few glasses of brandy, at the *Cap of Liberty*, in *Fetter-lane*, we left our liquor to determine the wager.

ON one of the quays I came close up to one of the nightly Guard. I asked him what was the hour, and while he was looking up at the moon, which perhaps he mistook for the sun, to give me an answer, I struck my dagger into his throat, and down he tumbled. His station happened to be near the corner of a street; the noise of his arms clattering on the pavement made five or six passengers hasten towards the spot, who, seeing the dead body, immediately roared out, “Police” and “Murder.”

As my two Alibi companions had not perhaps lately prepared themselves with rice or cephalic snuff, I thought it safer to trust to my heels than to their testimony. With the speed which fear and self-preservation lent me, I soon outstripped

stripped my pursuers. I ran along the quays, and luckily found a boat just ready to put off with a few passengers, who were to be conveyed down the river to a trading vessel which was at the moment, with a gentle breeze in her favour, sailing out of the harbour.

I soon mounted to the deck, and, like Mary Stuart while the coast of *France* receded from her view, looking back upon *Dublin*, "Farewel," says I, "dear City! " with thy good-natured gentry, thy noble public buildings, and thy beautiful ladies; with thy low-back'd cars instead of waggons; thy five coffee-houses; thy two steeples, and not one church handsome enough for the meanest of thy suburbs. Adieu, happy *Dublin*! with thy forteen hundred lawyers (above eight hundred of which are attornies), with thy abundance of provisions, and thy exorbitant markets! with thy shops better furnished than thy warehouses, and thy fresh fish floundering in the mud of thy kennels! Farewel! Adieu for ever! I must no more be thy inmate. I dare not venture; for, probably, I should be hanged only for killing a Police-man."

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

Reasons for my Regret at leaving DUBLIN.—Vindication of my Impiety.—Account of the Captain of the Ship's Weakness.—Certain Method of winning at Cards.—Kings and Queens at Cards deposed by the Adjutant-General.—Expelled from BOSTON for attempting to reform it.

SUCH was the precipitation with which I fled from the hue and cry that pursued me, and such the satisfaction I felt at finding myself out of danger, that our ship had made several leagues at sea before I thought of asking where I was to be landed.—Her destination it seems was for the port of *Boston* in *America*.

KNOWING that Country was lately become Republican (a form of Government of which I then entertained very favourable, though, as I afterwards found, very erroneous notions), I felt no regret at finding

finding myself obliged to pay it an unintended visit.

THE manner in which I left *Dublin* affected me considerably, not from any sense of remorse at having killed a Police-man—such a trifle could make no impression on me—but the loss of my appointment was a serious matter. I had before me, besides, the prospect of an honourable independency, which I was obliged to relinquish, by the unlucky issue of the accident related in the preceding chapter.

MR. JUDAS my Banker was particularly kind to me. Besides a general invitation to his house, where I was always received like one of the family, his friendship I found convenient in several respects; principally, indeed, as it gave me the fairest opportunity of having an intrigue with his wife, or of running away with his daughter.—The attention shewn me by both these ladies, much exceeding the ordinary limits of hospitable politeness, put both easily in my power; and though I was some time a little perplexed as to an option, I resolved finally to disappoint neither. Their persons being equally disgusting, a single shekel more or less on one side than the other would have immediately

mediately determined my preference. Mrs Judas had a large command of ready money, of which I could always possess myself, either by my own address, or the old lady's fondness, and Mr. Nebuchadonezer Pisgah, maternal Uncle to Miss Mushi, had left the young one a considerable fortune, in bonds, jewels, pawns, and balm of Gilead, independent of the power of any of the family.

THE partiality the good Banker felt for me originated, in a great measure, from a mistake. He was himself a rigid observer of the Law of Moses, and soon discovering me not to be a Christian, he imagined I was inclined to be a Jew. This is a common error. A man finds you not of the religion of your country, or of that where he happens to meet you, so he wrongly concludes that you may be of his, or of some other persuasion; whereas it would be more reasonable to suppose that you are of no religion, *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.*

No man can possibly prevent the mistaken notions which may be formed of him; and though I should be ashamed to admit any religious sentiment, I can by no means be answerable for what weakness others (especially such as don't know me

me intimately) may think proper to impute to me. Against such unfounded calumnies I shall not enter into a serious vindication, nor shall I say, as the English Bishop Warburton to a supposed defamer of his moral character, "*Mentiris impudentissime;*" but I shall answer boldly, "Look at my life, and there read your "refutation."—But enough, perhaps, on this subject; let me only just add, that I have not concealed such weaknesses as I know are in my nature, but I may safely assert that an addiction to any sort of superstition or holy reverence was never among the number.

As the vessel we sailed in was large, and not crowded with passengers, I did not find it necessary to dispose of any of them, as I had done of the Smuggler from *Dunkirk*. The Master of the ship, an Englishman, was a heavy sort of being, who seemed to mind little more than the navigation of the vessel, keeping her wholesome, the sailors regular, and taking care the passengers should be well supplied with every thing they had a right to expect from him. I conceived a mean opinion of his understanding, from knowing that he read the Bible every morning alone for near a quarter of an hour, and

and that for more than twice that time the ship's company were obliged to listen to it every Sunday.

I ATTEMPTED to rally him upon this weakness, but to no purpose. He had some whimsical notions about the Bible ; said it was his rudder and compass ; that without it he should not have known in steering which was right or wrong, to tack to larboard or starboard ; that it was the true log-book, where he kept his soul's reckoning ; many a chart had failed him, but that never had ; and that he verily believed it had more than once saved him from drowning.

I OFFERED to lay him a wager, that let him take any man of the ship who could not swim, and throw him overboard with the Bible tied round his neck, and he would soon go to the bottom in spite of that amulet.

" YOUNG MAN," he answered, " there are subjects enough for merriment, without making a jest of the Bible."

PRETENDING to be affected by what he said, and to have some respect for his folly, at times I borrowed it from him, and it answered a very good purpose ; for, becoming better acquainted with it, I was better enabled to quote and to laugh at it.

it. Many men venture to do both, without having read one chapter.

HAD I not been copper-bottomed against the worm of superstition, I might perhaps have felt some little degree of reverence for the Captain's holy log-book, for two or three times we met with fierce storms, and were in great peril; insomuch that all on board, myself among the number, were petrified with terror, except the Scripture-believing Captain—he alone kept the deck, firm, composed, and undaunted, and there is reason to think, from his presence of mind, that he saved us all from perishing. He was a native of *Norfolk*—his name Wyndham.

WHEN the weather was tolerable, this honest Believer, myself, and two others, used to make a party at whist for two or three hours in the evening, and I was always successful; for which I should have been thankful to Fortune, had I not constantly taken care to put the event out of her power. My adversaries were much more surprised than I was, at finding they could never win a single rubber. Whenever I dealt, which I often did out of my turn, I took care to give myself and my partner three or four kings and queens, and to convey an ace or two from the

the hands against us, instead of an equal number, of duces or threes from my own. A looker-on, a stranger to whist, would never have imagined that we played with the same pack of cards, which ought to have been dealt promiscuously, but that the game consisted in our holding all the high cards, and our adversaries the small. By such necessary precautions, had there been a superiority of skill on the opposite side, I could have suffered no great disadvantage from it.

It is not perhaps universally known, that in our rage for pulling down Sovereigns, and equalizing all human things, we not only dethroned our own King and Queen, but that the Kings of Spades, Clubs, Hearts, and Diamonds, with their Royal Consorts, shared the same fate. If any Frenchman, especially an Aristocrate, were now to presume to call these *ci-devant* Kings by any other title than Citizen Spade, Citizen Club, Heart, or Diamond, and the former Queens by any other name than that of Wife to any of the aforesaid Citizens, he would be denounced to the Convention, and lose his head by the guillotine on a scaffold.

THIS refinement of Civicism we owe originally to the minute but meritorious attention

attention of our Adjutant-General Puthod. Willing that he should not lose the honour due to so great a Reformation in the State, I have taken extract from his letter on this important subject, published in the *Paris Chronicle* of 8 December, 1792, in the first year of the Republic. Let Kings and Queens tremble while they read it. The Kings and Queens of Spades indeed, and their Royal Colleagues, will not affect indifference to it, and probably it will have more effect on the other Crowned Heads of the universe. On the subject of Cards thus writes our Adjutant-General * :

“ WHAT do I not suffer at present
 “ from that amusement! it makes me
 “ quarrel with the pretty women.—One
 “ hears for ever, “ I have got the King
 “ —I have got the Queen.”—As I feel
 “ myself offended at these denomina-
 “ tions, I express my disgust at it. The
 “ good people of *France* being resolved
 “ to have Kings and Queens no longer
 “ in their Government, why should they

* These are real extracts from a paper signed Puthod, Adjutant-General, and published as mentioned in the text. Such absurd affectation and pedantry are hardly credible. Who but a French Republican could be capable of them?

“ suffer

“ suffer them in their Games? Let us
“ be Republicans even in our sports.
“ After we have manifested the greatest
“ rage and hatred against the King and
“ Queen, while we are labouring by all
“ possible means to prejudice the Public
“ Mind and their Judges against them,
“ at this critical moment when their fair
“ Trials are depending, with what con-
“ sistency can we at the same time fit
“ down to a game where we shew such
“ fondness for Kings and Queens, nay,
“ where we pique ourselves upon the
“ advantages we gain by Royal Artifice
“ and Royal Despotism?—There should
“ be some Reform, some substitution.

(Signed)

“ PUTHOD,

“ *Adjutant-General.*”

To shew that the vigilant delicacy of this eminent Republican was not in vain; there being a Royal Owl, a Royal Eagle, and a Royal Tyger, in the *Menagerie* at *Chantilly*, I myself moved in full Convention, and it was unanimously voted, that they should be immediately equalized; and they are now called Citizen Owl, Citizen Eagle, and Citizen Tyger, and we hear from the Keepers that they seem to

to be very well reconciled to it.—This also was a considerable Reformation.

WITH respect to Cards, we must acknowledge, that Kings and Queens, though not to be tolerated upon Thrones, are in a hand at Whist very serviceable, and that whether they may be called Kings and Queens, or simply Citizens and their Wives, it is best to have them. I know no better way of doing it than that which I have already mentioned. I learned the secret from an ingenious Citizen Juggler, called Breslaw.

By such dexterity I not only contrived to win enough to defray the charges of my passage, but to pay all my expences during my short continuance at *Boston*, where, after a rough and sometimes a dangerous voyage of near seven weeks, we found ourselves safely landed.

AT my entrance into the town, I expected to meet with some immediate indications of that happy species of Government which the Americans had lately adopted; to see some houses on fire, others given up to pillage; Politicians in every Coffee-house finding fault with the Magistrates, and new-modelling the Constitution—in short, to see the free spirit of liquor and licentiousness acting their vagaries

vagaries every-where. The aspect of things was very different. An air of stillness and quiet, almost to melancholy, struck a damp into my spirits; few people in the streets, and these either carrying burdens, or walking soberly about their business; no houses on fire, and hardly a word of politics or Reformation mentioned. Our prose Poet Fenelon's description of ancient *Tyre* may be applied to *Boston*:

“ ONE could not meet there, as in other Cities, inquisitive and idle people, who strolled about to public places, asking after news, or gaping at strangers who happened to arrive in the harbour. The men were employed either in unloading their vessels, in transporting their merchandize, or in making bargains; in arranging their warehouses, or in taking an exact account of the debts due to them by foreign merchants. The women were not less industrious in occupations suitable to their sex and ingenuity.”

WHAT was to be done? To think of reforming this place by myself was a vain imagination. It occurred to me that in a town containing fourteen or fifteen thousand people, notwithstanding appearances

appearances to the contrary, there must be some latent sparks of discontent, and that the disciples of Tom Paine would be well inclined to lend their breath with mine to blow them up to the glorious flame of outrage and commotion.

I was not mistaken. It was not difficult to find what I wanted. I soon made acquaintance with half a dozen Paineites, whose vinegar aspects were immediately distinguishable. Being poor, speculative, and idle, I found them of course full of discontent, and abounding with theories of Reformation. Their system indeed generally went no further than to the unsettling whatever was established, which they illustrated by describing certain machines, where if you pull out the principal pins the whole work falls at once to pieces. They proved very ingeniously that men could never be judges of their own happiness; that such as were satisfied with what was called the liberty allowed by the necessary regulations of civilized society, were actually in a state of slavery; and that those who did not rise upon their rulers could never be considered as philosophers, or deserve the thanks of remote posterity, which was a

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much

much more rational object than securing the welfare of the existing generation.

THESE were men exactly suited to my purposes. We went into Coffee-houses, and began by endeavouring to depreciate the merits of General Washington. We complained that, under a Government called Republican, he was invested with more power and authority than the Laws of *England* allowed to the King of *Great-Britain*. What could be more tame and despicable than the regularity and decorum of public worship, when men who did not frequent churches or meeting-houses, and who scoffed at religion, so far from being respected for it, were held rather in less esteem than those who said their prayers, and complied with the insipid forms of established orthodoxy? At the end of discourses of this nature we looked round at the byestanders, and were not a little disappointed to perceive that they either regarded us with contempt, or walked off from the place without condescending to enter into any argument with us.

AFTER about a week passed in this manner, my door was one morning opened by a plain formal-looking man, dressed in brown, who, with very little ceremony,

ceremony, informed me, he was come, by command of the Assembly, to order me to leave *Boston* immediately; that a ship was to sail from thence for *Port L'Orient* next day; that money would be furnished for my expences to any part of *France* on my landing; and that had it not been for their respect for my country, to which they thought themselves obliged on a late occasion, my intemperance of tongue would have been rewarded by imprisonment or the pillory. "In this manner," he added, were we obliged "to dismiss that mischievous coxcomb "Paine, whose jargon, it seemeth, "friend! thou hast adopted."

I ANSWERED with spirit, "that I "would take their money, though I "despised it; and that they deserved to "be left in their ignorance, for not "knowing how to treat their benefac- "tors."

"FROM such benefactors as thee," replied he, "good Lord deliver us! But "come thou no more into *America*, or "worse will betide thee!"

So saying, he adjusted his beaver, and, with the stiffness of a brown post set in motion, stalked out of the chamber. To shew my indifference, I clapped the

G 2 door

door two or three times loudly after him, and hummed a tune called "Yankee Doodle."

In less than half an hour I was conducted to a boat, between two constables, and safely deposited on board *The Friendly Reception*. My passage from *Boston* was so like my navigation to it, that a minute detail of particulars could not entertain my readers. For more than a month I had little amusement except what I could find in cheating at cards, and heartily cursing all the Americans by *Stripes*, by *Provinces*, and *Individuals*, from *General Washington* downwards, not forgetting my *Automaton* in brown who denounced to me my expulsion from *America*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

ROBESPIERRE gives me an Account of the DUKE OF ORLEANS, and of other Friends.—Visit TOM PAINE.—His Employment.—Good Effects of his Pamphlets.—Visit LONDON as an humble Friend to the Marquis of FAUXJEU.—Character of the Marquis.—Engaged at the TEMPLE of HEALTH with Doctor GRAHAM.—Divide with my Master the Contents of his strong Box.—Return to FRANCE.

I SPENT not an hour at *Port L'Orient* more than was necessary to receive the money promised me for my travelling expences, and to hire a good chaise to convey me to *Paris*. While the Bostonian was counting out the cash, I was employed in whistling “*Yankee Doodle*,” and in cursing Christopher Columbus for having discovered *America*. The Puritan looked at me with disdain, but only answered that I was a foul-mouthed ruffian, beneath the notice of any thing in a human shape except the hangman.

ON.

ON my arrival at *Paris* I learned from Robespierre, who was just released from prison, where he had left Marat in confinement for three months longer, that the first Prince of the Blood had been for some time in *London*.

“ HE is gone there,” says he, “ with one of those fine projects which get into his head like infected people into a pest-house, because they will be nowhere else admitted; and what think you is it? No less than to persuade the Ministers of *England* to begin another war with *France*, promising to deliver into their hands *Brest* and *Brittany*, provided they will engage to assist him in deposing our King Louis, and raising his Most Serene Highness to the throne instead of him. Now pray observe with proper respect, the abundance of absurdities with which this scheme is pregnant. First, our patron is neither assured of the disaffection of the people of *Brittany*, nor of the disloyalty of the Governors of that Province; and the whole Marine hold him in contempt for his cowardice, of which too many of them have been witnesses. After having behaved ill at sea, he resolved to wash out the memory of his disgrace on one element, by shewing

“ shewing he could be more frightened
“ upon another; but you know the epi-
“ grams, and his poltroonery is a trite
“ topic. His Balloon expedition only
“ served to fix the seal to his former cha-
“ racter. A fearful man may have a
“ hundred good qualities, but he ought
“ not to attempt to be a hero. So much
“ for his ground in *France!* As to *Eng-*
“ *land*, the people there were tired of
“ the last war long before its conclusion,
“ and are but just beginning to respire
“ from it: besides, to speak sincerely, I
“ believe that nation is still so infected
“ with the old vulgar exploded notions
“ of good faith, honour, and loyalty,
“ that I am perfused, notwithstanding
“ the provocation we have given them to
“ retaliate, they would foolishly scorn to
“ avail themselves of any disadvantage
“ over our country by what they would
“ weakly call baseness and treachery.

“ As to you, my dear and most respec-
“ table friend! the Duke having left no
“ provision for you, and to beg or work
“ being beneath a Gentleman, you must
“ of course, you know, either rob or
“ starve. Should you be detected in the
“ former, we have now no Orleans pre-
“ sent to save you from the wheel or the
“ gibbet; but while I am your conductor

“ — *Teucro*

“—*Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro,*”—fear
“nothing.

“A PARTICULAR friend of mine, the
“Marquis of Faxjeu, set out immedi-
“ately for *London*, and wants a compa-
“nion and valet-de-chambre to attend
“him. I will recommend you. The
“Marquis has as good a right to his rank
“as half the titles in *Paris*: that is to
“say, though he has no estate, he has
“letters of nobility written by himself,
“and he makes as credible an appearance
“by the sums he wins by cards and load-
“ed dice, as any landlord in *France* by
“the revenue of his mills, his corn, or
“his vineyards. Three years ago the
“Marquis was a Pastry-cook at *Amiens*,
“and but yesterday he dined upon ano-
“ther Cook’s *pâtés* at Comte d’Artois’
“table. The Marquis finds the Police
“here are beginning to grow a little pec-
“ky about him, and as there is nothing
“he dislikes more than answering imper-
“tinent questions, he is determined to
“set off to-morrow for another king-
“dom, where there is less curiosity and
“more money. As he knows I am ac-
“quainted with his history, he can re-
“fuse me nothing, so make ready for
“your journey.—He will play his own
“cards in *London*, and we need not wish
“him

“ him good fortune, for he always carries
 “ that Goddess about with him in his
 “ pocket. I am certain you will be very
 “ happy together, and when you have
 “ leisure I shall be glad to hear that you
 “ are so.”

I THANKED the Nephew of Damien, and then made some enquiries about our friends, particularly about the Members of our Subterraneous Society.

“ ALAS!” answered he, “ of most of
 “ them I can only say as Tully did of
 “ the Catilinarians, “ they lived;” their
 “ God, the Devil, played false with them;
 “ their noble bones are still preserved in
 “ iron, but you must ask the kites and
 “ ravens what is become of the rest of
 “ their carcases.”

“ BRAVE Souls!” cried I; “ they died
 “ no doubt as men should do; no whin-
 “ ing, no repentance.”

“ No,” says Mentor, “ *quaes ab incepto*,
 “ all drunk, cursing the priests who at-
 “ tended them, jesting with the crucifix,
 “ and denying the facts for which they
 “ suffered. I saw the execution of most
 “ of them, and should have been present
 “ at them all; but unluckily I was oblig-
 “ ed just at the time to attend my own
 “ trial for two or three forgeries, and
 “ should have shared their fate, had not

“ the interest of the good Duke saved
“ me.”

“ FORTUNATE enough!” says I; “ and
“ is Paine hanged too?”

“ Nor yet,” replied Mentor; “ but
“ though as yet he has only brought his
“ friends to the gallows, he is I think
“ scribbling his own way to it with great
“ certainty. Whenever he dies, he will
“ be found, not, like his hero Catiline,
“ *inter hostium* but *inter amicorum cadavera*,
“ for his pen is likely to be as fatal to his
“ partizans, as the sword of that gallant
“ Roman was to his enemies. But fare-
“ wel! I have business.—Should you get
“ to speak with the Duke in *London*, try
“ to hasten him over, for you may assure
“ him from me that things here are draw-
“ ing to a crisis.”

BEING resolved to pay a visit to Tom
Paine before I waited upon the Marquis,
I detained Mentor for a moment to get a
direction to the former's garret, and then
we parted.

I FOUND Tom's habitation in one of the
dirtiest Quays of Paris. The situation
might have pleased Horace, that great
Lyric Poet, for there was nothing to pre-
vent his striking his sublime head against
the stars but a decayed roof of lath and
plaster. This great Theorist was sitting
crois-

cross-legged on a deal-board, and when I entered was working intently at a pair of blue canvas jumps. His board was strewed over with thread, tape, whalebone, scissars, parchment measures, a bit of chalk, a bit of bees wax, and a thimble. Among these implements of his occupation I saw a pen and ink, and an English Spelling-book, and several pieces of coarse ill-coloured paper, scrawled over with different titles; such as, "Common Sense," " Rights of Man," " Letter to Doctor Priestley," " To Lord S—," and many others, written so indistinctly that I could not read them.

He received me rather kindly, invited me to sit by him on the board, and shook me by the hand as a brother-member of the club of Demigods. As I could speak English, and he shewed no unwillingness to talk of his own affairs, we conversed for above half an hour very freely.

It gave me some small degree of concern to hear that his situation was upon the whole very uncomfortable. The Duke of Orleans, he told me, allowed him a small pension, but it was so ill paid as to be hardly worth his acceptance; his writings, he said, brought him in but little, for what with paying a kind of a scholar to take care of the spelling and grammar,

grammar, and another for translating them into the French language, a small pittance indeed came to his portion. His best reliance was upon his needle—the women of the neighbourhood liked his work, and though he seldom made a pair of stays, he had a good deal to do in the way of mending.

“ But,” added he, “ the good effects which I see produced by my writings console me for every thing. Before the people of this quarter began to study my pamphlets, they were the most thoughtless, cheerful, happy beings imaginable. They eat their *soupe* with a good appetite, and, as Doctor Goldsmith says,

“ Trimmed their robes of frize with copper lace,”
“ sung, danced, and chattered without ceasing; but not so now—they neglect their dress, sleep ill, quarrel with their neighbours, envy the rich, abuse their King, and hate the Clergy. In short, they are become so morose, so speculative, and so melancholy, that they find now no relish in any thing. Hardly a week passes that three or four don’t throw themselves into the river, and the gaol is of late twice as full of prisoners as was ever before remembered.

“ This

“ This you see, my friend, is the way to
“ turn a nation of monkies into a nation
“ of philosophers; and when society is,
“ as it ought to be, brought back to a
“ state of nature; when the lordly savage
“ Man, is again his own master, without
“ any restraint from laws divine or hu-
“ man upon his appetites, then I say, let
“ not Tom Paine be forgotten.”

HERE he ended, and we rose from the board together. I slipped into his hand a piece of six livres. Observing he had no shirt, I promised that evening to send him a couple, assuring him I could do it without any inconvenience, as I always for the future intended to wear my Master's. He thanked me, sat down again to his needle, and I repaired to the lodgings of my new master.

THERE could hardly be imagined a greater contrast than between the English Philosopher's garret and the apartment of the French Marquis. All was misery in the former, and in the latter all was magnificence.

WHEN I was ushered in to his Lordship, I found him under the hands of his Hair-dresser, studying a little treatise upon the calculation of chances. He started a little at seeing me (an impression which the first sight of my figure often occasions), but

but soon recollected himself; and upon hearing my name, “Aye, aye,” says he, “you are the young man for whom Monsieur de Robespierre interests himself; that is sufficient. But come, take the comb from Picard, and let us see a little of your performance.”

I DID as he ordered me, and used Picard’s instrument so much less like a comb than a harrow, that the Marquis, bending and groaning beneath it, was soon obliged to cry out for mercy, and Picard finished the operation.

As I looked a little disconcerted, he told me it was no great matter; I was to consider myself rather as his companion than his servant; though I could not dress hair, I understood English, which to him was of more consequence, and many a man could make a cake who could not make a pastry.

UPON better acquaintance with the Marquis, I found all his conversation tinctured with his two vocations, the Pastry-cook and the Gamester.—When he was in danger of being detected by cheating at play too openly, he used to say, “That he had like to have overheated the oven;” or, “Make the crust brown, but don’t burn it.” When I flattered him (as I often did) too grossly, the reproof

proof was, "Too much sugar in a tart is " as bad as too much acid." All his vexations were typified by ill luck at play —such as, "Lurch him at four"—"He " had rather lose a louis d'or to a livre" —" May I be found out at a renounce " with the game in my hand," and such like; so that an observer might soon discover the Man of Fashion and the Marquis were but assumed characters, and the Cook and the Gamester were the real. Upon the whole, however, he was good-tempered; had much the appearance of a Gentleman; and, like the Comte de Grammont, except that he always cheated at cards and dice, was a Man of strict Honour.

As his trunks were already all fastened to the chaise with his heavy baggage, the keys of which he delivered to me at night, we had nothing to do but to throw ourselves into the vehicle the next morning. We set off from *Paris* with two servants mounted, and four horses to our carriage; and, lolling at our ease, bespattered many a *Croix de St. Louis*, whose whole yearly income would not have been sufficient to defray the expences of the Marquis to *Calais*.

He stepped into the chaise with a small box under his arm, which he said contained

tained his fortune; “ and that Pye,
“ small as it looked, was better worth
“ opening than all the rest put together.”

—This short characteristic encomium immediately excited an appetite in me to taste the contents of it; and the poor Marquis found to his cost, not very long afterwards, that I knew how to relish a good thing as well as himself, though I was not like him bred a Pastry-cook.

AFTER we got to *Calais*, four hours and a half carried us from our own country into a better. It is strange that the separation of a few leagues of salt water should make such a differ between two nations. It is not such a difference as you are made sensible of by comparing and close examination, but it is such as strikes you immediately, and which you can't avoid perceiving.

THE language of the two people is not more unlike than their features, complexions, manners, dress, and diet. Their carriages, their cattle, their habitations —nay, their very fields are different. Many things are flimsy in *France*, most things are solid in *England*. Vanity predominates in the former, and in the latter pride. A Frenchman displays his consequence, an Englishman conceals it. The human face, which in general is brown

brown with us, seems to have been washed fair in *Albion*. Our Ladies have taught those of *England* how to converse, and in return may learn from them in many points female delicacy and decorum. Without half the vivacity of French Women, the English have a deeper sensibility, and more purity in their thoughts and manners. Our cattle are small, lean, and feeble—theirs are large, fat, and vigorous. French vehicles are ill constructed, heavy, and rumbling—those of *England* are compact, light, strong, and excellently finished. Imposition is pretty common in both countries; but an Englishman pockets your money as if you was paying his demand, a Frenchman as if you was conferring an obligation. They may beat us, or we may beat them, but the two nations will never assimilate.

As a ready-furnished house, at the Court end of the town, was secured for the self-ennobled Pastry-cook before his arrival, we had little more to do than to take possession of it. The Marquis was soon visited by several of the fraternity, who brought with them some young English Noblemen, and Gentlemen of rank and fashion, their pockets well lined with cash, and their breasts entirely free from suspicion. His eyes glistened at the

fight

sight of them. I considered them as fowl ready for the market, and my Master with his associates as the forestallers.

Most Gamblers, especially Frenchmen, are Beaus: The Marquis was one of the best dressed men in London, and I was as well dressed as my Master. With respect to cloaths. I was *alter et idem*; for whatever he took off on one day, I wore on the next. If you wished to know how the Marquis was dressed on Monday, it was only to look at me on Tuesday; and it must be acknowledged, I made a very respectable appearance. I took care that my Master, the only person probably who would not have approved of my toilette, should not see it, so I avoided his unseasonable criticisms.

AFTER the description I have given of my countenance, and of the stern ferocity of my temper, the World, no doubt, will be surprised to hear of my being enlisted in the service of the Ladies, and of my having made no small figure in the annals of Intrigue. I speak not of the erratic Venus of *St. Giles*, the delight and scourge of the district; nor of those night-wandering Nympl.s, those yielding Dryads of the *Park*, who shun the faithless light of lamps, and hide their charms under friendly shades and in mysterious

bowers

bowers—with such I should have had few rivals; such adventures shall not debase my records; but without more preface I will acquaint my reader with the circumstances which led me to unexpected honours in the field of gallantry.

I HAPPENED to be in *London* exactly at the time the celebrated Doctor Graham opened his *Temple of Health* in *Pall-mall*. This incomprehensible Mountebank acquired a very respectable livelihood by giving edifying *Lectures* and admirable *Experiments* in the mystical science of population. The *Lectures* of this worthy Professor were well attended, but the *Experiments* much better. Ill-treated or neglected Wives went in crowds to the Doctor, to get a remedy against spleen and vapours. Sometimes it was a Lady of Quality, who had not yet the happiness to bring her Right Honourable Bodkin of a Husband an heir to his estate and titles. Sometimes it was the gentle timorous Housekeeper of a brutal Citizen. As the felicity of her sensual Good-man consisted either in gormandizing turtle, or in guzzling porter with a club of Cuckolds like himself, and as, to close the domestic scene, he only snored away the night by her fair side, his tender Helpmate was compelled by necessity to seek

seek for such consolation as the Temple of health could furnish. Besides these already mentioned, came in a shoal of unblushing Messalinas, under no such fair pretence or colour as the titled Dame, or the yielding Shopkeeper from *Thread-needle-street*.

ONE morning I happened to cast my eye over the Doctor's Prospectus, and having already experienced some mortifications in my progress as a pickpocket, while my abilities to add to the number of his Majesty's subjects remained untried, I resolved to offer my services at the Temple.

BEING well dressed, and assuring myself that the Herculean vigour of my muscles would get the better of the singular hideousness of my countenance, I Trolled with a disengaged air to the edifice erected to rationalized incontinence..

THOUGH I am persuaded the Doctor's learning did not go beyond *Propria que Maribus*, he had decorated his door with a Greek motto. While I was looking at this, and endeavouring to expound it, the porter perceived me, and opening the door, " That is greek, my good " friend," says he, " you are knocking " your head against there: I believe you " will find it too hard for you." I was

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of the same opinion—so stepping forward, I told him at once my business.—Instead of answering me, the varlet laughed in my face, and was going to shut the door upon me; but I prevented it by seizing him stoutly by the collar, and tumbling him down upon the pavement.

THE noise of this scuffle brought the Doctor down suddenly; who, hearing my explanation, admired my strength, approved of my intentions, and engaged me in his service. “To be sure,” says he, “your countenance is not very attractive; but there is an air of Sons and Daughters in your appearance, which, with a little good management, may serve to procure you a decent livelihood.”

IT was agreed between us that I should return to the Temple about twilight, at which time he informed me the mysteries began to be celebrated. Before I left him, I was not a little surprised when, opening the door of a closet, he shewed me a number of beautiful masques for males and females. The substance on which they were painted was of a tenuity lighter than the finest gauze, with apertures for the eyes, mouth, and nostrils. He shewed me how to fasten one of them on,

on, and when I looked in the glass, I became almost enamoured of myself, like another Narcissus.

“ By this device,” says he, “ besides the advantage of concealment to persons of very nice sentiment and delicacy, who frequent this place to make Experiments, you see we assist Nature. We conceal where she has played the stepmother, and all is displayed to the best advantage where she has been bountiful.”

In this place I can’t avoid expressing a wish that many Ladies whom I have seen, both in *France* and in *England*, would adopt the Doctor’s method of assisting Nature, instead of plastering themselves as they now do with white lead and cinnabar. Besides that the masque is no way prejudicial to health, it is put on or taken off in a moment; it has no offensive odour; and it is no more an imposition than the other artificial crust which is so much in fashion. That Homelines should use such artifices is not extraordinary; but that Beauty, as we often see, should have recourse to it, is indeed unaccountable.

With the Doctor’s masque and my own muscles, perhaps it is not necessary to assure the Public that I assisted at an infinite

infinite number of Experiments. Two Gentlemen from the town of *Athlone* in *Ireland* excepted, I may venture to say, without vanity, that I was the favourite of the Temple. How many families at both ends of the town may have been obliged to me for those pretty little prattling cherubs always so endearing to their supposed fathers, I can't pretend exactly to determine; the number certainly must be considerable.

AT length, however, I began to grow disgusted with variety, and attached myself principally to one votary, who brought me devotion and money in abundance. One would have imagined that this kind Matron had taken upon herself alone the population of a whole parish, so insatiable was her appetite for Experiments. All the money she could wheedle or steal from her Cuckold came into my hands constantly. But great as were our resources, our expences were still greater.

AT last it became necessary for me to look into the contents of the favourite little Pasty of the unsuspecting Marquis. I was pleased to find in it what sufficiently justified the Owner's partiality. I made a division with him. To myself I appropriated, what might be called the most savoury

favoury part, about four hundred guineas in rouleaus; all the notes, to a very considerable amount, upon different Bankers in London; two pair of loaded dice; and all the rings with real diamonds, with all the other jewels. I did not even touch several packs of cards properly made up for his purpose, further than just to look if there was any thing valuable under them; I left him all the rings and jewels with false stones, many in number and some very pretty, and eight pair of loaded dice—so that I did not deprive him of the means to recruit his fortune at least as honourably as he had acquired it.

BIDDING then an eternal adieu to both my Masters, the Pastry-cook and the Mountebank; to *Pall-mall*, the *Temple*, and the *Matrons*—and staying only to change my notes with the different Bankers, I popped myself into a post-chaise, and found myself next day restored to my dear native country.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



